

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1872

October.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SISTERHOODS.

IT was a grander catholic spirit than that of the Roman or Greek, which first recognized and encouraged the labor of women. When Jesus walked and talked with the sons and daughters of men, going through their cities and villages preaching glad tidings, Mary and Joanna and Susanna and many others were with him, "which ministered unto him of their substance." To whom Jesus, by precept and example, said:

"If thou wouldst my disciple be,
Wouldst take my hand and walk with me,
Wouldst by and by my glory see,
Deny thyself.
A world of sin around thee lies;
Above thee gleams a glorious prize;
And whoso 'winneth souls is wise;
Deny thyself."

One of these, the Magdalene, Longfellow, in his "Divine Tragedy," with words almost divine, pictures, "companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn," visited by a swift vision of herself, clothed in purple and fine linen, jeweled, and perfumed, but doomed to spend the long hereafter with

"Merchants of Tyre and princes of Damascus, . . .
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins;"

and she loathed them, and the thought. Then came visions of a Savior, with mysterious power "of light and love." She cried:

"O, I must find him,
And follow him, and be with him forever.
Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent—the precious balm
And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
Nursed by the sun and dew—not all unworthy
To bathe His consecrated feet, whose step
Makes every threshold holy that he crosses;
Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
Thou and I only! Let us search for him

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Until we find him; and pour out our souls
Before his feet, till all that's left of us
Shall be the broken caskets that once held us!"

Of her 't was said, "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

In all the ages, from that time till the present, women have sought to wash the feet of Jesus with their tears, and wipe them with the hairs of their head. They remember, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Now, as then, are

"Living hearts
Dashed all across with scarlet stains of passion,
And broke in part,"

brought to Christ, to whom he speaks

"Those tenderest words of all the Gospel's story,
'Go, sin no more.'"

Women were last at the cross, and first at the grave. Before the dawn of day, they brought spices. This same Mary Magdalene was the first to embrace the feet of the risen Lord, and from his lips, that "spake as never man spake," received the commission, "Go tell my brethren." Since that long ago time, many Marys have proclaimed a risen Savior, and many Marthas ministered unto him, by giving a cup of cold water to his followers. For more than eighteen hundred years they have sought to do God service by serving his people.

In the early Church, women were officially employed in works of social good; and ancient writers do not fail to remark the power and beneficent influence of holy women, devoted to deeds of love and charity.

It is said that Paula, a noble Roman lady, a descendant of the Scipios and the Gracchi, in the year 385, quitted Rome, then a pagan city,

and with the remains of a large fortune, which she had expended in aiding and instructing the wretched and demoralized people, with her daughter went to Palestine, and took up her residence in Bethlehem of Judea. Then she gathered about her a community of women, who took no vows, and made no professions, but spent their days in good works and prayer, and founded a hospital for the sick. Here is the pen-picture of the good woman: "She was marvelous debonair, and piteous to them that were sick; and comforted them, and served them right humbly; and gave them largely to eat, such as they asked; but to herself she was hard in her sickness, and scarce; for she refused to eat flesh, how well she gave it to others, and also to drink wine. She was oft by them that were sick; and she laid the pillows aright and in point; and she rubbed their feet, and boiled water to wash them; and it seemed to her that the less she did to the sick in service, so much the less service did she to God, and deserved the less mercy; therefore, she was to them piteous, and nothing to herself."

These communities, devoted to the service of the Master, did not begin to be mentioned under definite appellations until about the seventh century. Let us notice two of the most ancient: the Béguines, whose societies in Germany and Switzerland embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and whose béguinages are now confined to the larger towns of Belgium, the largest of which is that at Ghent; and the Hospitalieres, or nursing sisters, from which, through a reform introduced by Vincent de Paul, assisted by Madame le Gras and Madame Goussant, in the early part of the seventeenth century, sprang the Sisters of Charity of Europe, introduced into America by Mrs. Seton.

The origin of the Béguines is uncertain. They seem to have existed as early as the seventh century. Mosheim shows the term Béguine to have been used in Germany and Belgium, in the tenth century, to designate widows or unmarried girls, who, without renouncing the society of men, or the business of life, or vowing poverty, perpetual chastity, or absolute obedience, yet led, either at their own homes or in common dwellings, a life of prayer, meditation, and labor.

During the Crusades, many women went with their loved ones to the wars, while many others entered the cloister, and spent their time in prayer to heaven for victory and safe return. Dowerless widows, ruined daughters, and portionless orphans, whose husbands and fathers perished in Syria or Egypt, unable to purchase a place in the idle and corrupt houses, and who

were willing for active services toward God and man, but unwilling forever to close the door between themselves and their friends, found refuge, protection, and occupation in works of charity, as well as opportunity for self-maintenance, among the Béguines. Ludlow remarks, "It would thus appear that the Béguine movement really offers the first complete realization of the idea of a collective female diaconate, in the shape of free sisterhoods of women."

The great educational movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as the great charitable movements of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, originated with the Béguines, or the free fellowships, which flourished in the same regions as those of the Beghards (male) and Béguines (female), and took up their work.

The first of these fellowships in Germany were composed of weavers of either sex; and so diligent were they with their work that their industry had to be restricted, lest they would deprive the weavers' guilds of their bread. Old Lutheran ministers have repeated with delight beautiful hymns they learned from the lips of aged Béguines, or *seelen weiber* (soul women), as they were called in Germany. During the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, these societies were the most flourishing. In 1250, Cologne was inhabited by more than one thousand Béguine sisters. There were frequently more than two thousand sisters in one béguinage. Each béguinage chose a particular color of dress—brown, gray, blue, or black—with the white veil; black being the most common.

In France and Germany, the béguinage usually consisted of a single house, divided into separate cells or rooms; but in Belgium, it consisted of nearly as many small houses as there were sisters, two sisters occupying one small house. The chapel, hospital, and infirmary were distinct buildings. As soon as a béguinage became established, there were added hospitals, for the reception and relief of the aged poor, or sick. "The sisters received young girls to educate, principally orphans; went out to nurse the sick; attended death-beds; washed and laid out the dead; and were called in to pacify family disputes."

Mosheim observes that "the Béguines were exempt from almost all the inconveniences of conventual life, while enjoying almost all of its advantages." In time, the cloistered nuns became jealous of these their more popular sisters, to whom flowed in liberal gifts and bequests from the rich. Collisions between the free and monastic fraternities became frequent; the conflict lasting from the middle of the

thirteenth century to the middle of the fifteenth century. Romish councils and bulls denounced and excommunicated the Béguines as heretical. On account of these conflicts, and the rapid growth of monastic orders and their influence, and perhaps, more than all, from the gradual loss of that active charity and self-supporting principle which so largely distinguished them during the early ages, many of them became monasticized, and are claimed as Franciscan Tertiarians. According to Helyot, some béguinages subsisted in France as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century; and one at Amsterdam as late as the first half of the eighteenth century; besides a large one at Inalines, containing more than fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand sisters, not recognizing boarders, and two surviving ones in Flanders, at Ghent, and Bruges.

Nearly twenty years ago the one at Ghent was described by a visitor as follows: "It was twilight when I entered the chapel. It was dimly lighted by two or three tall tapers before the altar, and a few candles at the remotest end of the building in the orchestra; but the body of the chapel was in deep gloom, filled from end to end with several hundreds of these nuns, seated in rows, in their dark dresses and white cowls, silent and motionless, except now and then, when one of them started up, and stretching out her arms in the attitude of the crucifixion, stood in that posture many minutes, then sank and disappeared among the crowd. The gloom of the chapel, the long lines of these unearthly looking figures, like so many corpses propped up in their grave clothes; the dead silence of the building, only once interrupted by a few voices in the distant orchestra, chanting vespers,—was one of the most striking sights I ever beheld. To some readers, the occasional attitude of the nuns may seem an absurd expression of fanaticism; but they are any thing but fanatics. Whoever is accustomed to the manners of the Continental nations, knows that they employ grimace in every thing. The béguinage, or residence of the Béguines at Ghent, is a little town of itself adjoining the city, and inclosed from it. The transition from the crowded streets of Ghent, to the silence and solitude of the béguinage, is very striking. The houses in which the Béguines reside are contiguous, each having its small garden, and on the door the name, not of the resident, but of the protecting saint of the house; these houses are ranged into streets. There is also the large church, which we visited, and a burial-ground, in which there are no monuments. There are upward of six hundred of these nuns

in the béguinage at Ghent, and about six thousand in Brabant and Flanders. They receive sick persons into the béguinage, and not only nurse, but support them until they recover; they also go out to nurse the sick. They are bound by no vow, excepting to be chaste and obedient while they remain in the order; they have the power of quitting it, and returning again into the world whenever they please, but this, it is said, they seldom or never do. They are most of them women unmarried, or widows past the middle of life."

The *Hospitalières*, or nursing sisters, were women whose services were also voluntary, and undertaken from motives of piety. A hospital, known as the Hotel Dieu, is said to have been founded by Landry, Bishop of Paris, about the year 650, and placed under the direction of these Sisters. "Innocent IV, who would not allow of any outlying religious societies, collected and united these hospital sisters under the rule of the Augustine order, making them amenable to the government and discipline of the Church." The largest hospitals in France and the Netherlands were all served by these Sisters. The Hotel Dieu, with its thousand beds, the Hospital of St. Louis, with its seven hundred beds, and that of La Pitié, with its six hundred beds, and La Charité, all in Paris, are served by the same sisterhood, under whose care they were originally placed centuries ago.

The mission of these Sisters is told in the simple and beautiful vow of the Hospitalière nuns of Pontoise: "To be all their life, for the love of Christ, the servants of the sick poor, so far as in them lay, to do and to hold until death." (Helyot, Vol. II, c. xliii.)

For about five hundred years this order was the only one of its kind. It greatly increased in numbers, and spread through all Western Christendom. As the demand for experienced nurses increased, there arose, to meet it, various other communities, some of whom exercised greater influence than the original Hospitalières, and in whose sisterhoods were enrolled queens, princesses, ladies of rank, wives of burghers, as well as poor widows and maidens, united together in works of charity; doing good whenever and wherever called upon. Some societies had for their object the education of their own sex—a thing unheard of before the year 1537; others, the care and instruction of poor children, devoting themselves to infant and ragged schools. A visitor to one of these schools relates: "To visit the school where more than three hundred children were assembled, I had to pass through a room in which about sixty infants were lying in cradles,

or on mattresses, while two of the sisterhood were going about with pap, and stilling, as well as they could, their incessant whimpering and squalling; it was an absurd and yet a pathetic scene."

Many, and, indeed, most of these fraternities, in time, became *cloistered* nuns, though the change generally was not effected without a struggle. Some societies, by appealing to the civil power, were allowed to remain as they were; but most succumbed to the power of Rome. Denunciations, like the following, were hurled against those women who "led a common life, and dwelt together without being subject to a *rule* which had been approved of by the Holy See." "*While holding or preaching no erroneous doctrine, or otherwise suspected of error or heretical wickedness, they are daughters of eternal damnation, and their state is forbidden and damned.*"

These institutions spread over various countries, existed for many centuries, and were composed of a variety of ingredients, and did not escape corruption; superstitious in times of superstition, and ignorant in times of ignorance; oftentimes ruled by selfishness and cupidity, until their power for good was well-nigh destroyed. Such abuses crept in, that women of sense and feeling were shocked and deterred from enrolling themselves in their communities. A reform became absolutely necessary, which was undertaken and accomplished by Vincent de Paul, Madame le Gras, and Madame Goussant. In the year 1629, they constituted, "not on a new, but a renovated, basis, the order of Hospitaliers, known as the Sisters of Charity, having two objects, to attend the sick and educate the poor." So well-trained and reliable did they become, that as early as the campaigns of 1652 and 1658, they were sent to the field of battle, and invited into the besieged towns to take charge of military hospitals. When the plague broke out in Poland, in 1672, they were sent to direct the hospital at Warsaw, and to take charge of the orphans; and were thus introduced into Eastern Europe.

In the year 1807, they were placed under the protection of the mother of Napoleon. In 1827, they nursed, in France, one hundred and forty-five thousand sick, and one hundred and twenty thousand children. There are more than twenty-eight thousand of these Sisters. They are found in Germany, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden; in Turkey, Asia, Africa, Australia, Central and South America, and the United States. Sisters of Charity were established in the United States in the year 1809 by Mrs. Seton, under a distinct

rule, which is still followed in several dioceses. The Sisters in the other dioceses are of the French order. According to "M'Clintock and Strong," there are in the diocese of New York alone about two hundred and fifty Sisters, having under their care, besides the parish schools in the city of New York, a hospital, a male and female asylum, and an industrial school. Their mother-house is at Fonthill, on the Hudson River, near Yonkers. They have sixty-one establishments in New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn, New Haven, and Providence.

Most of the active charities of the Roman Catholic Church are performed by these women in all lands. They are sent in groups of two and four to relieve the wounded on the battlefield, and to visit the sick poor in times of peace. They have the entire control of hospitals, numbering thousands of beds. They are sent into besieged cities, and even to "prison infirmaries, where branded *forçats* and condemned felons lie cursing and writhing in their fetters." They are familiar with cries of pain and terror, and sights the most hideous and revolting; with litters bespattered with blood, and the noise and havoc of bursting shells; with delirium, despair, and death. They found asylums for children, the aged poor, deaf and dumb, and for fallen women, and friendless girls. It is said that nine-tenths of all the converts to Rome are made by her women. Her power today is not in fine cathedrals, the great Infallible, cloistered nuns, or in her men who bow the knee and dip the water; but in her sweet-faced, black and white hooded *sisters*, who, with tenderest care, tend the sick and comfort the dying, five hundred of whom are now in heathen lands, winning converts to priests and beads. It has been said that the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches have had the good sense to turn to account and assimilate to themselves a force which Protestant Churches allow to lie dormant. We quote these words from "M'Clintock and Strong," on the subject of Charity Sisters: "The well-worked Protestant congregations in our cities send out more such Sisters of Charity and educators of the young than any of the sisterhoods of Rome. Without any bond but the law of love, and without observation, because without the dress and separation of Rome's 'Sisters of Charity,' thousands now do the part of Priscilla or Dorcas, yet take part in all home duties and enjoyments, unconscious that they are better than others, or that they have attained a higher perfection than their fathers and mothers." If husband and children demand a woman's time, then may she prepare levers wherewith the world may be

moved. If the powerful engine called *home* be but well oiled with human love and sympathy, clean, bright, and glittering, swept and garnished by the Spirit, and shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness, moving without jar or friction, controlled by an engineeress who understands her business, it will knock down and demolish many of the strongholds of sin and Satan that stand on its track; and pick up and anoint with the oil of consolation many wounded and borne down in the battle of life. But woman should be not only a teacher and cherisher of home, but also a purifier of society.

There are orphaned daughters, maiden women, and desolate widows among us, deprived of the sweet ties and duties of home, who would gladly make for themselves homes in the hearts of the people by deeds of love and charity. In New York city alone there are thirty thousand women without protector, guide, or help, who swell the miserable ranks of needle-women, who seldom receive more than thirty-three cents for from twelve to fifteen hours labor. Why may not some of these be *educated* for nurses? We need not only amateur charity ladies, but an organized force trained in those ministering functions which have their root in woman's nature. Why may *we* not have trained women in our prisons, penitentiaries, asylums, poor-houses, reformatories, and hospitals, who shall have at heart, not the saving of souls to the Roman Church faith, but the saving of souls from sin and suffering here, and the pangs of a death that never dies, hereafter?

The evils arising from paid, drunken nurses; the need of softening, elevating Christian influence in work-houses, prisons, and reformatories; the succoring of friendless work-house girls and domestic servants, and female prisoners just restored to liberty; and the renovating of squalid abodes of disease and misery, can only be effectually met and accomplished by a thoroughly organized and trained force of women. It is only from such, a *steady, continuous* contribution of living human love and labor can flow. Such a force, freed from the deadly errors of Romanism, would open the gates of heaven to many a waiting soul, heal many of the wounds of society, and prove a "polished shaft" in the subduing of all nations to our Lord and Christ, "who accepts the services, not only of men, but also of women."

Where is there a broader field, or more legitimate work for women than in the ministration of love? And if so much is accomplished by the desultory labors of Protestant women, how much greater success would crown concerted action! Nor would this necessitate veils or

vows, or labor by women separate and independent of men; but shall she not, indeed, be a *help-meet* to the fullest of her capacity?

Looking at the sisterhoods, we can not fail to see that their success lies not in celibacy, but in system; not in monachism, but in organization; not so much in blind devotion as in *thorough training*. When shall the question cease to be asked, "Why can not Protestant women do what these Roman Catholic women do?" Not that we do not do as much as they, in other channels, perhaps, and unknown to the world; but that we fall so far short of what might be done, and, we may add, *ought* to be done. Because Rome once, with a great maelstrom of denunciation, swept in all the free bands of women devoted to the service of Christ and humanity, and degraded them to mere propagandizing forces, shall we fail to oppose an equal barrier to her success? Yea, a more than equal; for so soon as Protestant women *systematically* undertake the good works humanity so loudly demands, not as "engines of religious propagandism," but simply showing their faith by their works, Rome's most powerful weapon passes from her hands. Already in all Europe the crown of victory is settling on the brows of Protestant nurses and teachers—thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Fry, Pastor Fliedner, and others.

When shall the women of America awake to a sense of their responsibility? And what great soul, filled with love to God and man, shall open the way and prepare the means whereby we may be enabled to compete successfully with our sisters of Rome, not only as general charity women, educators, and succorers of the unfortunate, but especially as nurses of the sick—a department of such great good to soul and body, yet so long allowed to be monopolized by the daughters of Rome?

Earnest thinkers upon the subject of "Woman's work in the Church," are looking to the Quakers and Methodists to move forward in God's name, smiting the waters of blind prejudice, and lead their daughters into the full possibilities of an entirely devoted Christian womanhood.

LET us never forget that, of all household charities, the best is example in regularity in devotion, and in duty generally. A real affection is always easily turned to God, its source. And in all our kindly offices and sympathies, we shall find many a half-word enough to lift the thoughts of those we love and serve, to Him whose we are, and whom, in them, we fain would serve.

OUT OF THE HIGHWAYS IN THE FATHER-LAND.

NUMBER I.

A VISIT TO SCHILLER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THEARS ago I had passed through Stuttgart, the Suabian capital, but had not had the opportunity of making a stop to see the city. Even now I could spend but half the day there. Yet I did not regret the short time; for it was certainly long enough to see all that there was of special interest. Besides, my mind was somewhat intent on little Marbach, all among the hills, out of reach of the railroad whistle, and where he was born whom the powers at Stuttgart rejected as revolutionist and wild-pate, and of whom—the greatest of German minstrels—the present occupants of the great palace must be frequently reminded, as they look out of the windows upon Thorwaldsen's statue of him in the square in front. The man whom Würtemberg would have been glad to hang three-quarters of a century ago, is now the one she looks upon as her greatest son; to whose button-hole, if he were living, she would tie all her ribbons of nobility, and over whose slender form and pale face she would rear palaces from her richest quarries and her choicest forests.

In Stuttgart I visited the court chapel in the old palace, the Stiftskirche, the second-hand bookstores, the Royal Park, and some of the most picturesque of the oldest streets of the Suabian city. At the railway station I had the opportunity of seeing how a royal visitor, who, in this case, was the Queen of Holland, was received. There were some three or four hundred towns-people gathered, through curiosity, in front of the dépôt, while as many as a half-dozen special drivers and lackeys in livery were waiting for the guest. All the court carriages were highly polished, and were designated by the crown, with the national escutcheon painted on each side. One carriage, however, was drawn by white horses, and I soon saw that this was the one intended for the queen. At a given signal there was a general flutter, the carriages fell into line, and the white horses were made to feel the presence of the whip, with an air which seemed to say, "Now, know that royal blood is near, and that you are to be on your best behavior."

The queen, who, with a lady at each side, now came quickly from the rear of the station to the front, seemed intent on communicating as much as possible to her attendants in a short time, graciously inclined her head to the uncovered bystanders, stepped quickly into the carriage, and was driven off at a rapid pace. Her

attendants took the other carriages, and soon there was no other person in her train to be seen except a sergeant, who, in his Dutch bewilderment, could hardly tell where to begin first to get his royal mistress's baggage in order. The queen was pale, apparently about forty-five years of age, had light hair, a thin, but ruddy face, and high cheek-bones. She wore a black cloth dress and mantle, embroidered sparingly with silk of various colors. There was not a cheer to welcome her to the Suabian Court—but these are not always given nowadays in the presence of royalty. I have never yet heard a dozen, though I have been present on several occasions when the people and royalty have come within greeting sight of each other. I was much less favorably impressed with her appearance on this occasion than at a later time, when I had a more leisurely look at her, when going through her House in the Wood—her country home at the Hague.

That afternoon, after a beefsteak in the Falcon Hotel, I took the cars for Ludwigsburg, one of Schiller's several Suabian homes, and after reaching there, the stage for Marbach, his first home. I found myself in a post-coach of the olden time. The driver, Gottfried (God's peace), seemed to be a general pet, but no amount of trinkgelds appeared to expedite his movements. I wondered why he was not more industrious, why he did not make use of his big whip; but was told that it was through no fault of his that he did not make his horses start. And I soon saw for myself that Gottfried was as innocent as the stars of what had seemed to be an endeavor to make us keep late hours, whether or not. He, poor fellow, could not move an inch without the orders of the officer in charge of the post-office, who, when he was ready, came tumbling out, and, in as authoritative manner as if Barbarossa himself had spoken, gave Gottfried the following orders, in the hearing of us all: "See that you depart and arrive in due time at your destination."

Surely the Neckar never reflected the moonlight more beautifully than on that clear October evening. The road lay along the elevated bank of the river, and much of the way under branches of trees. Like the Suabian roads in general, this, too, was fringed on both sides by fruit-trees; but the wayfarer is not allowed to pluck the fruit from them. I know the case of a child whose father was compelled to pay a guilden because a single apple was plucked on the roadside, near Heidelberg, by the little offender. Along the road that Gottfried was taking us, there had often passed armies, from the Roman times almost down to our own; but especially

in the age of the Hohenstaufens—the glory of Suabia, the greatest royal race ever given to Germany's imperial throne.

To me, however, it was of as much interest because of its connection with Schiller's name as for any other reason. Many a time, when a boy, he had wandered along this pleasing section of the Neckar; and as he lingered by the water's edge, and gathered flowers, and played his ungainly harp beneath the overhanging trees, he dreamed of his future, wondering what sort of fate was going to be meted out to him. Many a time, after the family had removed to Ludwigsburg, he went along the road with his mother to visit his aged grandparents in Marbach. Christophine, Schiller's sister, has preserved for us a sweet little record of one these juvenile journeys, though this one was not along the Neckar, but by the mountain road. "Once," says she, "when we children were accompanying our mother to our dear grandparents', we took the road from Ludwigsburg to Marbach, over the mountain. It was a beautiful Easter Monday, and in the way, our mother related to us the history of the two disciples whom Jesus walked with on the way to Emmaus. Her narrative became more earnest the further we went, and, as we came to the top of the mountain, we were all so affected that we kneeled down there and prayed. This mountain was our Tabor."

I reached Marbach about nine o'clock at night, and was directed to my lodgings by several kind villagers, to whom the arrival of the stage was the principal event of the day, and who crowded around every traveler, as if anxious to bid him welcome. As by the aid of lanterns, borne by these friendly hands, I picked my way along the filthy streets of the town, then through the old gateway of the grim, gray tower, then past an old church ruin, how could I forget the history which lies back of all this unassuming, prostrate, but contented present?

It is the old story of war and pestilence. As long ago as the Roman supremacy in Germany, Marbach had been a thriving town. Ruins, still in existence, prove it to have been an important Roman colony, which served as a meeting-point for several important country roads. In the year 978, it appears in history as a part of the Rhenish Franconian diocese of Speyer, and in the possession of the bishop resident there. After the end of the thirteenth century, it was the property of the Count of Württemberg. It was plundered by the Spanish troops of Charles V in the Smalkaldian War, and the French allies of the Germans, under Bernard of Weimar and Turenne, were quartered there in the Thirty Years' War, from 1642

to 1646. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, however, the little city managed to live. In the fifteenth century it had grown so much, on one side, that the Alexander Church was built, to satisfy the increased religious wants of the community. But the third war of conquest, under Louis XIV, brought destruction to the town; and in July, 1693, the inhabitants of Marbach were driven out by the French, the city was set on fire, and, in a few hours, it was a mass of ruins. It had taken seven hundred years for the little town to grow to the height of its prosperity, and now it fell in as many hours. In the eighteenth century it began to be rebuilt; but it had many difficulties to contend with, and was compelled, amid the convulsions of the former half of the eighteenth century, to quarter the troops of the French, Russian, and Austrian armies.

The connection of Marbach with the Schiller family dates from the 14th of March, 1749, when a young man, in military costume, rode along the Neckar to this little town. He came directly from the Netherlands, the Winter-quarters of his regiment, and had taken this opportunity to pay a visit to his native country. His birthplace was Bittenfeld, near Wailblingen. His father had been dead sixteen years, his mother had wandered to the village of Marbach, and his brothers and sisters had become scattered to Ludwigsburg, Bittenfeld, Neckerems, and Marbach. The soldier came to Marbach because it was now the home of the sister, whom he was especially anxious to see. The young officer went to the hotel of the place, the "Golden Lion," which belonged to George Frederic Rodweis, who was also a baker, and who passed for a man in good circumstances. This man had a daughter, who was seventeen years of age, Elizabeth Dorothea; and in five months from the time when the officer first put foot on the door-step of the Golden Lion, he and the proprietor's daughter were man and wife. They became the father and mother of the poet Schiller, and Marbach was henceforth their permanent home.

Early the next morning after my arrival in Marbach, I went in search of the house where Schiller was born. It was small, one story and a half high, and, like the most of the houses in the town, and throughout Suabia, was so built as to render all the timbers, constituting its frame-work, visible. There was no door-yard whatever. You step directly into the house from the unswept street. The house bore the following inscription: "The birthplace of Schiller, who was born November the 11th, 1759, and died May the 9th, 1805."

In the middle of the plate containing the inscription, there is a medallion bust of the poet.

Over the door there is a metallic plate, showing that the house is insured in the Phœnix German Insurance Society. An old-fashioned bell-knob hangs at the door. A young man bade me enter. The room in which Schiller was born was at the left, and was not more than eight feet long and twelve feet wide. There, in one corner, was his mother's old spinning-wheel; some of its smoothness, no doubt, dated back to the boyhood of little Fritz. The wheel is worm-eaten; but the principal parts are still there, and I had no difficulty in making it revolve as much as I pleased. The chief articles of furniture in the room are a secretary, in perfect preservation, and a stove of the olden time. There is a letter, framed, which Schiller's mother wrote to a friend about a servant she was trying to get along with. Every line betrayed the fact, that good housewives had trouble with their domestics over a century ago, and in what we regard the paradise of good servants, the Father-land. The pictures of the poet's father and mother are well preserved.

The stair-way is very narrow, dark, and angular. The front upper room, the largest in the house, is a museum of relics of the poet, and tributes to his memory. In a glass case, there is an old leather hat, ten times more romantic than the old broken felt-hat of Napoleon, of the Louvre, which he wore at St. Helena. One of the pictures is a pencil sketch of Schiller, when a young man, clad in peasant costume, and sitting sideways on a sleepy old donkey, and smoking a long pipe. The picture was sketched by a friend, and taken from life, as Schiller appeared one day at Wildbad. There is in another frame something that looks like a little cheap bow-knot of various colors. This, on closer inspection, proved to be hair, and the knot is really the hair of Schiller and his family, his own being the *red* threads. In the table are magnificent copies of illustrations to Schiller's works, presented by authors and publishers. The list of strangers shows many arrivals every day. One large book contains selections from the principal printed testimonials to the poet's greatness, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of his birth, in Marbach; and among them are many of English authorship, Carlyle's figuring prominently. There is a large book-case, containing copies of Schiller's works, which are for sale to visitors; also pictures of the house, of the large portraits, of various rooms, and of famous illustrations to scenes in his works, can be had. There is in one corner an exact copy

of Dannecker's bust of him, the best in existence. It is crowned with a laurel-wreath.

Every year, on the 11th of November, the old wreath is taken away and replaced by a new one. As it was in October when I happened to visit the house, and the old wreath was soon to give way to a new one, the man in charge gave me a number of the laurel leaves, which I found much more fragrant than faded roses. To me, one of the most interesting objects was a copy of the first play-bill announcing the performance of Schiller's "Robbers," in Marbach. In it there is not only the enumeration of the dramatis personæ, but also an account, by the poet himself, of the principal points of the play. The public are invited to come early, as the play is long, and can not be concluded until quite late in the evening. I concluded my visit by purchasing some little mementoes of the place.

The greatest season of rejoicing Marbach has ever had, was on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of November, 1859, when the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth, already referred to, was celebrated. Strangers, from all quarters, streamed into the town. Presents from all parts of Europe came, day after day. The far-off city of Moscow, for instance, testified to its love of Schiller by sending an immense bell, which now hangs in the desolate Alexander Church. On one side of it there is a medallion head of Schiller, in relief. Over it is the word "Concordia;" beneath it, the words, "Gather the loving congregation for worship, for hearty union." Around the bell there is a garland of oak and laurel. On the side opposite the bust of Schiller, you read, in an open book, the words, "I call the living, and I lament the dead;" and under these words further, "To the home of Schiller, from his lovers in Moscow, November 10th, 1859." The tribute, with its inscription, will naturally call to the reader's mind Schiller's celebrated "Song of the Bell," which suggested the gift.

Schiller's house belongs to the town of Marbach, and the Association having charge of it are endeavoring to beautify it, and place it on a good financial footing. The most elevated point in the neighborhood of Marbach is called the Schiller Height. It affords a fine view of the country for many miles around; and the Schiller Association, when it can collect funds enough, proposes to erect there a suitable monument to the memory of little Marbach's great son.

God's mercies are like a large chain: Every link leads to another; present mercies assure you of future ones.

A DARK RECORD.

THE Holy Inquisition was founded and brought into operation by Dominic of Guzman. He was born of a noble family, in the kingdom of Castile. From early youth he practiced a self-immolation that well fitted him for his terrible mission, and fanatical zeal in the persecution of those who differed from the opinions held by the true Catholic Church.

He abstained from all but the plainest food, and partook of that but in sufficient quantities to sustain life; he slept upon the bare floor; he passed days and nights in prayers and tears before the altar. Yet he had been a student of Rhetoric and Philosophy at the University of Salamanca; and soon his fervid eloquence, his impassioned manner, and the supernatural fire of his restless eyes, attracted the attention of a people, the soil of whose nature was well harrowed and ready to receive the seed of whatever mad doctrine should fall.

It is claimed by his disciples, that Dominic was sent forth by the Pope himself to repress heresy by medicinal pain. A dreadful heresy had sprung up in Italy and France. While Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus were fighting, upon burning Syrian sands, to reclaim the Holy Sepulcher from the country they had left, the priests were driven from the altars, and a simple ritual was swiftly supplanting the pompous ceremonials of the Church of Rome.

Dominic invented or enlarged that terrible machinery by which the consciences of mankind was held in bondage for centuries. Its relentless grasp was firmly fastened upon the decaying nations of France and Italy; it extended from Portugal to Japan, or wherever the worship of the Virgin was established.

The Holy Inquisition became the favorite instrument for the propagation of the faith; and to this time, without heresy, can no one venture to doubt the Divine origin of the institution. In the beginning of the thirteenth century it arose, the most fearful instrument of human torture ever conceived or carried into execution. In connection with it, holy houses were established, within whose mysterious precincts all suspected of heresy were confined. The high officials lived here in luxuriance and ease; for them were fitted up splendid apartments, whose walls often resounded with the revel and the feast.

But beneath these halls of mocking mirth were the dark corridors, the cells, and the dungeons, where were imprisoned suspected heretics. A single victim was confined in each cell, lighted by a small aperture, and shut in by

double doors of immense strength. Here the solitary captive pined in vain for the sight of a friend, and the tones of a kindly voice. He was forbidden to utter a sound; he must wait no lamentations over his cruel fate; and he was early taught the danger of disobedience. Far down, beneath the surface of the earth, wasted away a sorrowful population, convicted of no crime, guilty of no wrong. The young, the beautiful, the earnest, were here taught the heart-sickness of hope deferred, the agony of despair. The lives of the gentle and the good were wasted, their bright intellects clouded, and the voices, that once sounded in joyous accents among the surroundings of home and love, changed to a feeble wail or a maniac laugh.

Through laborious years the ingenuity of meditative monks and scheming inquisitors seems to have been employed in devising instruments of torture to force confessions from their crazed victims. There were the rack, the thumb-screw, the machine for stretching the sinews and twisting the joints, the intermittent stream of water. Often these were effectual in compelling the prisoner of the holy house to confess crimes of whose existence, until now, he had been a stranger, and purposes from which his former self would have recoiled with horror.

In the twelfth century, the Albigenses ruled in the extreme south-east of France. A pure religion grew up in Provence, teaching that Rome was anti-Christ, and forbidding the worship of Mary and the saints. A universal toleration was proclaimed, and even the hated Jews were received with favor in a land fast becoming so peaceable that heretics of every shade dwelt together in harmony. Over England, Germany, France, and Spain, the light was softly advancing, and the Bible was read in defiance of the priesthood, the power of Innocent III, and the tyranny of Rome.

And now began the mighty struggle for freedom of conscience, which, after a contest of seven centuries, has ended in the overthrow of the Holy Inquisition. In 1208, Innocent III preached a crusade against the Albigenses. A savage horde of his adherents was sent to ravage the fair fields of Provence. Gay and wealthy cities were plundered; many of the people perished by famine and the sword; the barbarians erased the last traces of classic civilization; the song of the troubadour, and the harmless pleasures of a people, warm-hearted and sociable, were silenced forever.

Then the home of the first Reformation became noted for its intolerant bigotry. It was here that Dominic planted, and his successors

upheld, the Holy Inquisition. The flying population were pursued into their most secret retreats; the family circle was invaded by those set to watch the slightest utterance, and spy out the gesture of discontent. The fierce persecutors lingered in the ruined cities, where they were regarded with amazement and terror. Wherever they passed, there was despair and desolation. The peaceable and pious inhabitants of that once fair country looked on at horrors too great for belief, as the good were racked by fatal tortures, and the unoffending burned alive in their native cities. The Dominicans felt no remorse at the sufferings brought upon an innocent people; they relaxed no cord of mercy to their appealing victims. "Friend was called upon to betray friend, neighbor to denounce neighbor, and a universal suspicion destroyed the peace of a once innocent and happy community."

They inflicted vengeance even upon the dead. The bodies of persons suspected of having been heretics were exhumed, and burned in the streets, to appease the Moloch of Rome. Gregory IX proclaimed from his throne that the duty of every Catholic was to destroy the heretic, break up his home, and ruin his family; his children were cast forth naked and penniless, and his goods went to enrich his betrayer and the holy inquisitors.

The pious and peaceable Government of the Albigenses was in effect destroyed. Those that remained in their native cities dared no longer defend liberty of conscience or advocate mental reform.

The Popes and the Dominicans, encouraged by their success in the South, now proceeded to apply the remedy of the Inquisition to the North of France. But the French kings preferred to dispose of their heretics in their own way. No "holy houses" were permitted there, though the royal prisons were often filled with reformers. In the fourteenth century the Bastille was erected, and its first inmate was a provost of merchants, charged with heresy.

The German princes and people held the Dominicans in check by their own independent spirit. In Spain and Italy the barbarous cruelty of Dominic's genius triumphed to the full, for a time, and presents to mankind pictures of horror never equaled in the annals of time.

No cloud had rested upon the fair promise of Spain, until the teachings of the Popes and the fanaticism of Dominic swept over its prosperity like a tornado of wrath. The Jews in great numbers had journeyed from the East, and settled in the prosperous cities of Spain. Their synagogues grew up beside the Church,

and learned and able Hebrews were invested with offices of public trust. Their daughters, fair, graceful, and accomplished, intermarried with the sons of Spanish grandees, and the wealth of many of the Castilian nobles was due to the industry of their Israelitish ancestors. The nation was in large debt to the Hebrew money-lenders, and the rich estates of Arragon and Castile were transferred to Jewish usurers.

The Spanish Inquisition was now established in its later form, for the extirpation of the olive-colored children of the East. Queen Isabella, after some hesitation, lent it her especial favor. The avarice of the Christians was excited, and the debtors to the wealthy Jewish citizens resolved upon their ruin. A general persecution began, and the unhappy people hastened to avert its calamities by abjuring the Mosaic faith, and receiving the rites of baptism into the Catholic Church. But even this did not appease the malice of their enemies. It was soon discovered, with secret joy, that many of them in their houses were observing forbidden festivals, and in the seclusion of their homes celebrating the worship of the Most High.

A more bitter persecution than before now followed their footsteps. They were waylaid in every haunt; their houses were pillaged, and the wealth taken from them by the usurping Dominicans, and the servants of the Pope.

Dominic, the moving spirit of these woeful outrages, was long since dead; but his terrible institution lived on. Near the latter part of the fifteenth century, Torquemada became chief inquisitor of Castile. His footsteps were marked with blood and terror. He is said to have punished a hundred thousand persons with imprisonment in horrible dungeons, and burned ten thousand of his own countrymen at the stake. But, conscious of the hatred he inspired everywhere, he lived in constant fear of death by the assassin, and wore a complete armor of mail, day and night.

The misguided Catholic queen shielded him by her favor; and, in March, 1492, an edict was issued, banishing every Jewish person, male and female, who refused to become Catholics, from the kingdom. In a careful preamble, prepared for the occasion, they were accused of innumerable and unheard-of crimes. The last day of July was fixed as the limit of their stay, and disobedience to the decree was to be punished with death.

This cruel promulgation must sunder the tenderest human relations. The Jews and the Christians were united by the dearest ties, by blood and by marriage, for generations. They cried aloud against the cruel decree, and wept

over the prospect of departure from the fair land, enriched by their toil, and the homes where they and their children had been born. An aged and eminent rabbi, three times upon his knees, implored the king and queen to accept the immense ransom offered for mercy to his people; but the hard-hearted Ferdinand and his unwomanly consort, influenced by the monster Torquemada, turned a deaf ear to his appeal. Torquemada offered them pardon upon being reconciled to the Church; but few accepted.

At the end of July, eight hundred thousand persons, in long and mournful procession, made their way toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Fair and graceful women, learned and accomplished men, a vast multitude used to the refinements and the luxuries of life, were crowded together in wretched vessels, where they perished with privation and disease; famine and storm and pestilence overtook them; the burning sands of Africa and of Syria destroyed hosts of them; half-crazed mothers sold their offspring for bread; and if, as related, the last hours of Torquemada were tormented by the reproaches of a guilty conscience, it would not have been either strange or unjust.

From the inception of the Inquisition began the decline of Southern Europe. Its blasting effects were traceable wherever the worship of the Virgin extended, and along by its side the atrocious system of Dominic. The Inquisition destroyed the grandest colonies in the world; was fatal alike in India and on the South American Continent.

After the death of Torquemada, Deza became his successor. History states that he was no unworthy follower of his predecessors. He instituted new laws, and the emissaries of the Secret Tribunal were stationed in every hamlet, however humble. Peasant, noble, prince, king, and Church, stood alike in awe of the terrible punishments and the watchful eye of the Inquisition. Often the people arose in defense of their inherent rights, but were peremptorily crushed down again, like crumbling Autumn leaves.

Amid a fierce conflict between Church and State, the spirit of the third great inquisitor passed to its reward, and Cardinal Ximenes became his successor.

The Moors had invested the Southern provinces of Spain with rare evidences of their industry and taste. The hill-tops of Andalusia were crowned with palaces; mosques towered in graceful elegance toward the soft blue sky; schools and colleges had given to barbarous Europe her first insight into the elements of

philosophy and science; manufactories turned out the finest tissues of silk and linen; beautiful farms and magnificent gardens ornamented a landscape already adorned with unrivaled beauties by the hand of nature.

Ximenes divested unhappy Spain of the last traces of Moorish civilization. Under his control, holy houses sprang up in great numbers; the secret cell and the gloomy dungeon were peopled with the poet, the scholar, the artisan, and the serf. Women of gentle birth were immured in those loathsome caverns; delicate Moorish maidens, upon whom no rude breath before had been permitted to blow, became the prey to the lust of the inquisitor, the torture of the rack, the excruciating flames.

The palaces of the Saracenic rulers, their institutions of learning, the stately courts of the Alhambra, were left but as fragments of former grandeur and glory. The Moors, influenced by avarice and fanaticism, feebly yielded to the demands of the inquisitors for their baptism; but, as in the case of the Jews, this did not satisfy their malignant oppressors. They arose in revolt; but were soon crushed; they fled to the forests and to the mountains. In 1609, the last remnant of the Moors was banished from Spain, amid the heathenish rejoicings of the Dominicans. In the destruction of the Jews and the Moors, perished the thrifty portion of the population of Spain.

Extended and improved by the experience of Torquemada and Deza, the Holy Inquisition assumed perfect proportions in the eyes of its admirers. Its most important element was a dark and somber secrecy. The heretic was seized without warning by the "familiars," who were ever on the silent watch for their prey. The assault of the inquisitors upon the enlightenment of the fifteenth century had been vigorous and successful. Huss and Wyclif had suffered martyrdom; the people of Europe, though not reconciled to the Papal tyranny, were terrified into silence. Alexander VI sat upon the Papal throne, declaring himself infallible; and no doubt was raised in the minds of priests or inquisitors. Savonarola alone, in the superb Cathedral of St. Mark, denounced the vices of the Pope and the corruption of the priests. The nobles of Florence were raised to the pitch of excitement by the vivid representations of the humble Dominican monk, whose heart retained all its natural tenderness for the sorrows and sufferings of his countrymen. After the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Savonarola became the spiritual chief of the Republic which then sprang up at Florence.

Savonarola labored for the reformation of the

lower classes, and strove to unite the whole population in equality and religious freedom. It is believed that his unremitting labors and his zeal in the cause of reform disturbed his reason; at least he believed himself to be a prophet, and maintained that he was able to perform miracles. But his insane zeal only sufficed to work his ruin. He was seized and imprisoned, was tortured and condemned, and finally burned in the city he had labored to free. The river Arno bore on its bosom the ashes of the martyred lover of freedom; and his name is remembered only to be revered.

The Inquisition was triumphant again, until there seemed nothing more to conquer. The voice of a once protesting people was stilled, and they slumbered apparently in willing submission. But now a greater monk than even Savonarola appeared upon the scene—Martin Luther, the chief mover in the next important struggle between Europe and Rome. From the ashes of Huss, of Wyclif, of Jerome, and Savonarola, seemed to have germinated a swarm of heretics, who, with Luther at their head, boldly proclaimed the tenets of their faith.

Whole kingdoms in the North withdrew from the Infallible Church. Spain and Italy were once more peopled with the gentle, the learned, and the progressive. Ever on the alert, the Inquisition hastened again to subdue the spirit of civilization and freedom, whose success would insure its own final destruction. Again a long line of illustrious victims perished; the Secret Tribunal perpetrated over again its infamous crimes; and, at last, the favorite spectacle of the Spanish populace became the sacrifice of some miserable victim by fire. No gladiatorial exhibition ever awoke more fierce and universal pleasure than the immolation of a heretic at the stake. The king and queen, the princes and nobles, the beauty and the chivalry of the Spanish realm, assembled on this day—generally the Sabbath—and, by their presence, assisted with malignant joy in the destruction of the traducer of their blessed Virgin.

The citizens raised a cry of inhuman exultation as the victims were led fainting from noisy dungeons, idiotic from privation, outrage, and despair. They looked on with savage joy, as, with the flames curling about them, their spirits departed from their tortured bodies, and ascended to heaven. Philip II was now the reigning king, and the Nero of his age. He was cruel and implacable; a fierce and bigoted Catholic; an untiring persecutor of those who adopted the opinions of Luther. His own son, the Prince of Asturias, at a later period, died at the hands of the inquisitors.

Soon the theories of Luther threatened to overrun the greater part of Italy. The German Reformation had let loose its heralds over the Alps, and in the cities of Turin and Modena the books of the new doctrine were being eagerly perused by students and monks.

The Dominic of the sixteenth century now appeared in the person of Loyola. He meditated long upon a plan by which modern civilization and heresy should be reduced to the subjection of the Infallible Church. He resolved that the free schools and the Inquisition should be inseparably united; that the discoveries of science and the genius of letters should be compelled to further the interests of Rome. By his influence the Roman Inquisition was established in 1542. Its officials were empowered to destroy the slightest semblance of heresy wherever it could be detected. An unguarded word, a doubtful assent, a gesture of dissatisfaction, were construed into sufficient proof of guilt; and it was made the duty of every true follower of the Church to inform against his neighbor, his friend, the wife of his bosom, or the offspring of his own body. To set an example in the beginning, and as a foretaste of what should overtake the disobedient, a group of heretics was publicly sacrificed by fire.

As the researches of the inquisitors progressed, a larger building was demanded for their dreadful employment. The people of Rome broke down the gates of the first prisons, and set them on fire; but in defiance of their rage, there was, in 1569, erected that high-walled and somber pile, the Palace of the Inquisition. Within its dreadful precincts suffered and died a long line of illustrious victims. But recently have its secret pitfalls, its horrid dungeons, and its dreadful machinery been exposed to the light by a happy revolution in the Imperial City.

The woe and the consternation that filled all Italy, at this new complication of atrocities, was too great to be estimated. Every day, in the year 1568, perished a victim of the Roman Inquisition. The progress of enlightenment in the struggling cities of Turin and Modena was speedily arrested, and from that awful period the Queen of the Adriatic dates the downward passage and the ruin of her prosperity. As might be foreseen, the most eminent scholars and philosophers of the age were singled out as dangerous foes to the requirements of the Infallible Church; and if they escaped the remedial pains of the Secret Tribunal, their voices were silenced effectually by the dreadful woes they were threatened with should they dare to disobey.

There was a poor professor, whose lectures at Pisa and Florence, upon science and astronomy,

were attended by dukes, princes, and nobles. In 1609, he invented that wonderful instrument by which the magnificent scenery of the heavens was brought near to the astonished gaze of mankind. Filled with intense awe and delight by the knowledge he acquired in each step of his researches among the stars, Galileo probably little foresaw the dangers to which he was committing himself. Steadily pursuing his discoveries in the wondrous law of the solar system, at last he declared to an amazed and incredulous world that the solid earth was perpetually in motion. "It moves!" he cried in exultation; and the visions which appeared to the exalted mind of David, the sweet singer of Israel, seemed to lend enthusiasm to the delighted spirit of Galileo.

But it was one day discovered that, in the giving of this new theory to his astonished listeners, he uttered heresy. A fierce Dominican proclaimed that the Infallible Church had declared the earth stood still.

Galileo was summoned before the awful tribunal of the Inquisition. It would seem that in their prosecution of the illustrious prisoner, the cardinals and the Pope acted with unwonted caution. It may have been that they, to whom fear of final judgment or justice was scarcely known at this time, were held in check by a secret dread lest they should go too far in persecuting a genius the whole world admired and revered. But they demanded that he should abandon his theory of the motion of the sphere. He weakly yielded, and was readmitted to the bosom of the Church.

At length old age came upon Galileo. His eyes were growing dim from ceaseless study, and adversity had come upon him, though he had been an affectionate son, a tender brother, and a liberal friend. As the years advanced, truth became more dear to him than life; and, braving the Pope, the Church, and the Inquisition, he proclaimed in a book, once more, the laws of the solar system and the theory of the revolution of the earth, and gave it fearlessly into the hands of those who would read.

The holy inquisitors were filled with rage and horror when they obtained knowledge of this defiant act of the brave old philosopher. He was immediately summoned from his home in Florence; after a weary confinement, after many indignities, punishments, and outrages, after the pains inflicted upon his body had well-nigh dethroned the reason of his mind, he was made to kneel at the feet of the assembled inquisitors, abjure his heresy, and retract all he had uttered through his book.

Thus was age, science, and philosophy sub-

jected to the vilest ignominy and dishonor. His mighty spirit, humbled by sorrow, shame, and remorse, brought low before bigotry, cruelty, and ignorance, Galileo was compelled to remain for the remainder of his life under the surveillance of the Inquisition. After a brief imprisonment in its somber palace, he was taken to Arcetri, near Florence, where he was held a captive five years. At length he became totally blind, and died at the age of seventy-seven; his remains even, pursued by the malice of the Secret Tribunal, were scarcely permitted to rest in consecrated ground. At last, in a little corner of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, without a tablet to mark his resting-place, slept all that was mortal of Galileo Galilei; remembered admiringly by a world of intelligence, while his enemies passed away execrated and condemned by the world, to which their presence was only a blight and a misfortune.

The Holy Tribunal esteemed progressive education its chief foe, and one to be unceasingly warred against, after the great Galileo had ceased to trouble it by proclaiming his splendid and valuable discoveries to the world. In the seventeenth century, a learned Jesuit observed in Brazil, first, light, spherical-shaped substances floating in the air. He made paper balloons, and, filling them with gas, caused them to ascend into the air. He returned to Lisbon, formed a larger one, and proposed himself to ascend with it. With a daring spirit of burlesque, he proffered to carry the Grand Inquisition and all its officers with him, as they stood by, declaring his project to be in defiance to the laws of nature. The inquisitors charged him with being possessed with an evil spirit, and ascribed the ingenuity of his machine to the assistance of Satan, and, of course, at variance with the doctrines of Rome. In vain the Jesuit sought to persuade his persecutors that his invention would not interfere with the teachings of the Infallible Church. He was seized and conveyed to prison, but succeeded in escaping to Spain, and seems to have abandoned the project of navigating the air.

Italy and Spain seemed now to have yielded completely to the requirements of the Pope, the Church, and the Holy Inquisition. The Supreme Inquisitor, Pope Urban VIII, Philip of Spain, and the Jesuits, now cast their baleful eyes over the fair fields of France and Germany, which abounded with heretics, and resolved to recover rebellious England also.

The Pope deposed Queen Elizabeth, of England, and absolved the people of her realm from their allegiance. England was already half Catholic, and divided by civil strife; France

was seeking to destroy the Huguenots; a war fraught with unparalleled terrors was raging in the Netherlands; the primal causes of the troubles in these wretched lands were the followers of Dominic, and the terrible institution founded by him.

Philip II longed to celebrate an "act of faith" by the burning of a heretic, in the cities of Amsterdam and London, and his demoniac passion came near being gratified. More than once the courageous Elizabeth barely escaped assassination, and had she fallen, the Catholic Mary, of Scotland, probably, would have ascended the vacant throne.

But England and Holland aroused themselves in desperate resistance to the further encroachments of the Holy Inquisition. The Puritans incited their queen, by almost superhuman effort, to stand at the front of the Reformation, and a war with Spain, in its enfeebled condition, was little to be dreaded.

The phlegmatic Hollanders suddenly arose to grand enthusiasm for the defeat of their foes. The horrors of the Secret Tribunal awoke within them the sentiment, "Liberty or death." The laboring classes and the master minds united, and, amid the terrors of combat, the gloomy wastes of Holland became as a light set upon a hill, because its people had compelled the retreat of the successors of Dominic.

Driven back to their native haunts, the inquisitors exercised, if possible, a more savage cruelty than before throughout Italy and Spain. In the seventeenth century, each incoming Spanish sovereign celebrated his accession to the throne by an *auto-da-fe*. The chivalry and the nobility, fair women and learned men, looked on while the horrid scene was being enacted, and smiled with composure as some miserable victim of the Holy Inquisition yielded up his spirit, amid taunts and the cruel torture of the flames. To commemorate these horrible transactions, a book was prepared and recommended to be faithfully perused, giving minute details of the dreadful scenes from beginning to end.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the vigor of the Inquisition began to decline. Men whose tongues would no longer be silenced by fear of its punishments, denounced the Secret Tribunal unsparingly, until it came to be regarded, by the once applauding throngs of Valladolid and Seville, as the personation of horror and crime, and liberal-minded priests mourned over the deeds that covered their Church with deepest shame.

Until 1808, the terrors of the Inquisition cast their awful shadows over the dwellers of the Imperial City. No footsteps but those of the

priests and their victims crossed the threshold of the Palace of the Inquisition. Silently the ill-fated captive languished in torture of body and mind more terrible than death; silently he disappeared from the face of home and friends, and no one knew or dared inquire into the mystery of his melancholy fate. From within those gloomy walls the despairing cry of the victims of man's rage and ignorance arose only to the ear of the God who seeth in secret, but who will reward openly.

The armies of Napoleon I destroyed the offices of the inquisitors and their holy houses; but they were restored by Wellington and the return of the former dynasty.

During the Revolution of 1848, the now reigning Pontiff, Pius IX, fled from Rome, and the people broke into the mysterious caverns where the light of day could scarcely penetrate. A solitary nun and a venerable bishop were then sole occupants, and immediately set free.

But the armies of the French Republic reinstated the Pope; the Inquisition was restored, and Pius IX, as had the long line of his predecessors, ruled again as Supreme Inquisitor. The holy office, even amid the civilization, the toleration, and the liberality of the nineteenth century, has proved no sinecure. Dominic might still have exulted over its watchfulness of heresy; for when the armies of France destroyed the Roman Republic, Pius IX assumed all the fierce zeal of Innocent III or Urban VIII. He considered himself infallible, and maintained his right to the privileges and power of the former occupants of the Papal chair. The Inquisition was revived, and, as late as 1855, in the Italian town of Fenno, a citizen suffered death by torture because of heresy.

In the light of the civilization of the nineteenth century, the Romans wept over bitter and cruel persecutions. Within the precincts of almost every home was mourning for lost ones who had been banished, or had suffered death by imprisonment. And over all this sepulcher of desolation and woe, the Papal armies paraded the streets of the fallen city, with glittering uniforms and stately show, armed and equipped with deadly weapons to suppress the protest of indignant and outraged Roman patriots, and the cries of an insulted people. Pius IX, the last Supreme Inquisitor, the successor of Dominic, Torquemada, and Loyola, but for a day enforced the discipline of the Holy Inquisition, hurled his anathemas against the footsteps of progress, declared himself infallible; and then the German armies crossed the Rhine, and accomplished the fall of his imperial allies, Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. The

armies of Victor Emanuel sprang to the relief of the grateful Romans; a throng of exiles marched singing through the gates of the Eternal City, and Italy was united—was free.

The office of the Holy Inquisition is no more. Pius IX, the last Supreme Inquisitor, has been deprived of his temporal government. The Bible is read beneath the shadow of the Vatican; and if the spirits of the gentle Albigenses, the Vaudois, the Lutherans, are cognizant of the affairs that are going on beneath the sun, they must feel recompensed for the fearful sufferings they endured, and for their martyrdom.

The Roman Catholic Church stands alone in its awful record. When a civilized world remembers that, not by repentance of its errors, not by remorse for its crimes, its terrible institution has been annihilated, how can a gentle and enlightened people for one moment consent to lend a single hand that shall augment its prosperity or assist its extension? To the eye that beholds its outward ceremonials alone, it appears the perfection of solemn splendor and devoted piety; but the student and the historian, the lover of truth and justice, while his eye beholds its outward pomp, can never take his mind from its appalling record, the Secret Tribunal and its atrocious crimes. Neither should he. Let them be recalled and remembered, so that the wavering may flee from the pale of an institution that would now, as ever, if it dared, revive the Inquisition of Dominic, and perpetuate the punishments of Torquemada.

THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

THE dead who are in Christ can not die eternally. On the contrary, he is pledged expressly by his covenant, and virtually by his resurrection and ascension, to quicken, spiritualize, and beautify their material frame, to render it a meet receptacle for the spirit, and to reunite them in everlasting beatitude.

His "dead [men] shall live." "Because I live, ye shall live also." (See Rom. viii, 10, 11). In these and other passages, you observe, the promised resurrection of the righteous at the last day is represented as resulting, if not as to its certainty, yet as to its glory, from their being "dead in Christ." The intimation plainly is, that they shall be raised with marks of eminent honor, as well as to a condition of eternal blessedness.

Such is the doctrine of other parts of Scripture. "I will raise him up at the last day." Christ will officially quicken all the dead. This must mean, therefore, that his dead will be

specially distinguished—perhaps that he will employ his angels to raise the wicked; but "I" myself, in a marked and more personal manner, will raise my own. Yes; he will then, as now, know "them that are his" among a thousand. He has sealed their bodies, as well as their souls, "unto the day of redemption;" he has stamped their crumbling clay with traces of identity which all the ravages of corruption, changes of form, accidents of dispersion, will not be able to obliterate. They sleep at his feet; and when they awake, they shall at once behold his "face in righteousness,"—besides this, the fashioning of the body "like unto his glorious body," the adaptation of it to be a help, not a hinderance—a glory, not a dishonor—an immortal delight, not, as in the case of the wicked, an eternal torment, to the soul; and the welcoming of both, in the presence of assembled millions, and with a train of ten thousand angels, from the judgment-seat to his own throne and side.

We are taught, further, that he will put distinguished honor on his dead. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." They "which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent [not be before] them that are asleep." As these have tasted the bitterness of death, and undergone the abasement of its immediate consequences, he has resolved to confer on them a mark of distinction over those who do not "sleep."

Thus, in the case of his own people, according to principles already intimated, death "is gain"—gain, observe, not merely upon life as it now is, a life of uncertainty and suffering, but even upon an immortality unconnected with a death Christ. It shall turn out, that it will be better for us to go to glory through the grave, than without dying: in other words, that the sufferings and shame of death shall be more than compensated by consolations of dying hours, by the distinction which the resurrection will confer, and by the after glories of that eternal life which is by Jesus Christ our Lord.

This association with Christ embalms the character of the departed in the remembrance and affection of the surviving.

How honorable, I repeat, as well as happy are "the dead in Christ!" How "blessed is the memory of the just!" And need we not something of this sort to soften our sense of humiliation? When we bend over the body of a man of God, just as life has left it; when we take our last look of it before the coffin-lid is soldered down; when we take our last look of the very coffin-lid, made attractive by the name it bears, while the damp clod falls heavily upon

it, and its echo as heavily on our hearts, sounding as if death stamped on his prey, and revelled in his momentary triumph; and in after years, when we think of that once active and noble frame turned to dust, and feel how hard it is to believe our honored friend dead, buried, the prey of corruption, motionless and mute in the church-yard, while his former fellow-worshippers are bending their knees in prayer, or lifting their glad voices in praise, in the church—isolated from his family, lost to the world, forgotten by the volatile or ungrateful,—then, O how balmy and how hallowing the thought, he is dead in Christ! With what dreadless awe, with what chastened and pensive delight, do your thoughts dwell “among the tombs” of these sweet sleepers in Jesus! How ennobled and endeared by such an association is our every leisurely or incidental recollection of them! How relieved from all that is naturally repulsive, how consoling to sorrow, how inspiring to Christian hope and desire, our habitual impression even of their present lowlier condition! Though they “dwell in the dust,” their “dew is as the dew of herbs.” Christ’s blessing shed upon them in decay already revives their bloom and renews their fragrance in our affections. Their “name is as ointment poured forth.” Nay, we wonder not at the sentiment of Solomon: “A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one’s birth.” And again: “Wherefore I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living, which are yet alive.” At least better, more honorable, ay, infinitely more enviable is it to be “dead in Christ,” than to be born to a diadem and scepter, or to be spending a lengthened life in splendor, pleasure, and renown, “without Christ,” and so “having no hope.”

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end”—my repose in the dust, my posthumous reputation in the Church, my revival at the last day, my recompense in eternity—“be like his!” They “being dead,” yet speak. Through this text they speak—yea, the Holy Ghost speaketh—generally to living men, and particularly to surviving friends.

Let all “the living” in this place “lay” the subject “to their heart.” Let the first part of it teach us our own sinfulness and frailty. Let us anxiously prepare for a temporal, and against an eternal, doom. And let the second part of it teach us the value of such a Savior as is presented to us in the Gospel, and the great desirableness of acquiring or securing a personal interest in him. We see in how full and significant a sense death, as well as life, is ours, if

we be Christ’s. O, then, let us count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord; for whom let us be ready to suffer “the loss of all things, and count them but dung that we may win Christ, and be found in him, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that we may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death! if by any means we might attain unto the resurrection of the dead” in Christ.

Then, for the surviving, by whom we intend in particular those who have been called, and especially lately, to mourn over departed Christian relations. And what a large class! “Who hath not lost a friend?” Well, my brethren, be warned not to cling too fondly and tenaciously to your remaining friends; for some whom you have loved, not only as dearly, but as deservedly as them, are dead. Yet be comforted; they are “not dead, but asleep” in Him. Not only did they once “walk in him,” but they are in him. Your dead are his dead; trust him to take care of them. “He who found the wandering sheep, Jesus still”—still—“delights to keep.” You will sometimes, through infirmity, forget them, or otherwise be unable to evince your fondness for their memory; the tears of true love will fail; the grass that reverently mantles their graves will wither, and the flower thereof fall away; yew-trees will decay, tombstones molder, the indistinguishable dust be dug up again, and the very burial-place that knoweth it now, will know it no more. But be comforted; it can never be unknown or unregarded by God. Every relic of that once mean and mortal nature is (O, how nobly and imperishably!) enshrined. Your Christian dead are all in Christ. Dead? Nay, rather their “life is hid with Christ in God;” and when Christ, who is their “life, shall appear, then shall” they “also appear with him in glory!”

THE Master is come, and “calletth for thee.” Not for your pastor, or the deacons, or some gifted member of your Church, but “for thee.” No matter who you are, or how limited your sphere, it is you he calls for. No lack of gifts can excuse you. If God calls you, it is simply to do what you can, however little that may be. Jesus said of Mary, “She hath done *what she could*.” The poor woman who cast into the treasury two mites, did all that she could, and Jesus commended her.



A REVERIE.

'T WAS even, yet the mountains held within their rugged clasp
 The sun-king's royal mantle, loth to free it from their grasp,
 So that daylight's golden fringes lingered on the distant height,
 While the valleys hid their faces in the purple folds of night;
 Peace, on dewy pinions, hovered with her benediction sweet,
 And the throbbing heart of nature to a softer music beat.

Lifted was my weary vision to the glory on the hill,
 But my soul sat in the valley 'mid the shadows weird and chill;

For I saw the tide of evil, with its waves of fire and blood,
Sweep humanity before it in a wild, impetuous flood,
And I cried, "No balm of healing soothes the pangs of mortal life,
Not a hint of heavenly music trembles through the din of strife;
God forgets the world he builded; he hath neither part nor lot
In the surge of human anguish, in the war of human thought."

Then, methought the air grew starry with the light of angel eyes,
And a hand, outreaching, thrilled me from an unseen paradise;
And I saw, as mortals see not, down the backward path of years—
Saw how human hearts lay bleeding 'neath the weight of doubts and fears;
Superstition thrall'd the nations with his firm, relentless bands,
And celestial benedictions changed to serpents in his hands;
Earth grew sick with dire diseases in the ages' onward roll,
And no drop from living fountains cooled the fever of her soul.

Only stars with frightened luster lit the black, unbending skies,
Only flowers with pallid petals from the tainted sod could rise;
When lo! I saw a marvel o'er the murky heavens steal,
As when dawn doth rend the darkness with her golden chariot-wheel;
For the gloom was rent asunder, and a star rode forth alone;
With an opal's changeful glories, on the startled world it shone,
And the riven clouds, like rainbows, scattered far that wondrous light,
While a seraph's alleluiahs wakened music through the night.

Slowly rose the star of morning on the darkness of the years;
Soon its beauty shone, but dimly through the mist of blinding tears;
Long, men turned from it deriding, long their hearts were stout with pride,
While they flung their souls for off'rings into sin's accursed tide;
And mine eyes grew worn with watching for the full and perfect day,
That should roll in radiant splendors from the twilight pale and gray.

Then, methought, amid the ages rang a voice so sweet and clear,
That the earth arose to listen, and the stars came out to hear.
Lo! a white dove, olive-laden, cleft the shadows with her wing,
War's wild tumult sank to silence, and the world began to sing;
And the sweet voice, softly breathing, touched the land and tossing sea,
And I hushed my heart to hear it: "All my peace I leave with thee."

E'en as he of Patmos imaged, One with adamant chain
Bound the Power of sin to darkness and a thousand years of pain;
Then a highway rose in beauty that no evil thing could mar,
And the ransomed of Jehovah gathered there from near and far;
With such anthems of rejoicing sped the blessed ones along,
That the gates of gold were lifted at the rapture of their song;
And the countless hosts of glory hushed their shining harps to hear,
As the music of redemption shook the heavens with its cheer.

They of shining crown and vesture talked with mortals face to face;
God himself was with his people, glory blossomed out of grace;
Fountains poured through thirsty regions streams of healing and of balm;
And in solitary places waved the myrtle and the palm;
Where, in bleak and burning desert, shining feet of angels trod,
Straightway sprang the bloom of roses from the dull and senseless clod,
As on holy mount transfigured Nature bowed in praise and prayer,
And her fragrant breath, like incense, floated through the sunlit air.

And behold! God's tabernacle rested 'mid the joyful lands,
While a seraph at its altar lifted up his holy hands;
Then immortal light descended, till the earthly temple shone,
Even as the heavenly city, like a precious jasper-stone;
And a loud celestial choral, breaking through the crystal bars,
Swept along the fields of azure till it died among the stars;
Then earth's mountains caught the echo, and it floated o'er the plain,
"Alleluia, alleluia! God omnipotent doth reign!"

MR. RUDD THE WORKING-MAN.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT PARSONS would make "jell" to-day—as she called it—and who must pick the currants, was argued at breakfast.

Tilly and Anne favored the shady side of the question; for they were fair as to the bodily presence. I inclined toward the brunette, though I did not look absolutely dark-skinned, Tilly said, "because of my red cheeks and very black hair," and the two fair ones looked impudently over at me, their glances strongly intimating that, as the sun had tried his dyes on my face heretofore, I need not be so particular now; as if a taste of any thing bad gave a relish for it.

Mr. Chilton noticed the selfish glances of the fair, and said, "The rock-rose grows best in the shade."

"Dear me! can't we hear something about garden-roses, by and by?" said Anne, trying to say it pleasantly.

"That is what I am coming to. They grow best in the sun," said Mr. Chilton.

"Thank you. I'll put that on, if Anne won't," said sprightly Tilly.

But when breakfast was over, and uncle and Mr. Chilton gone out, Anne acted a headache very prettily, and Tilly whiningly said that the "jell" could wait one day longer, and she would pick the currants at sundown.

"Now, you know, Tilly," said my thrifty aunt, "that your mother never made 'jell' out of stale currants, nor ever will; and if you do n't go right away and pick them, I shall go myself; and then what'll your father say?"

"O, I meant to go and pick them myself all the while," said I, with pretended offense, "only I did n't want those two 'ladies fair' to look at me before the gentlemen, as if I were an Ethiopian."

"Gentlemen! Do hear that," said Anne, with sprightly disdain, forgetting for a moment her part of overpowering headache.

"Well, Uncle Parsons *is* a gentleman, no matter what you say," said I, earnestly, causing a broad smile to gather on aunt's face.

"And Chilton?" she asked, with a mischievous turn of the eye.

"O, Corneel as good as called him one to his face last night," said Anne, peevishly, making the smile on aunt's face break into a hearty laugh. Meanwhile I was putting on a pair of old gloves with finger-ends cut off; and suddenly seizing a sun-bonnet and the basket, I sped out of the house amid Tilly's pretended protestations and her mother's earnest

ones, and loud denouncing of said Tilly and Anne.

Beautifully the morning sunshine glistened on the dew-wet currants; but it was very warm, and I thought I would gather off those bushes shaded by a tree. Not ripe enough for jelly, I saw, and so concluded that I would run for Tilly's cotton sun-shade.

Down went the basket, and I was hastening out of the garden, when I saw an umbrella coming toward me, apparently buoyed up by the lilac-bushes; for the shrubbery was so thick on that side of the fence I could not see Aunt Parsons—good soul—as I had no doubt it was; but I called over: "You dear good creature, what did you take the trouble for? I was just coming for it. Leave it there, and I will come and get it, and you run back out of the broiling sun." I was struck dumb, for suddenly the umbrella entered the garden, borne aloft, not by Aunt Parsons, but Mr. Chilton. I stared a minute, and then burst out laughing, as I recalled what I had said. But I checked my mirth when I saw a pair of roguish eyes looking from under a straw hat, showing a quiet amusement at my mistake. This hired man must be made to know his place; and reaching out my hand for the umbrella, I said: "Thank you. It was certainly very kind in you to think to bring it to me."

But he did not relinquish it. He caught up the basket instead, and said politely: "I hope you do not intend to take all the merit of this little martyrdom. Please allow me to share it."

I was not pleased at this; but aunt must have her currants as soon as possible, and I had no time to waste in parleying with a well-behaved hired man, whom, perhaps, uncle had sent to help me; besides, how quickly we could fill the basket together, and then I could go into the house alone, while he took the way to the fields over the back-garden fence. Should n't I enjoy a grand triumph over the two complexion-savers by shortly presenting a face as cool and untanned as theirs! I began to pick the fruit, and to chat comfortably with my respectful aid. And what great handfuls of currants kept going into the basket over my small ones; for Mr. Chilton picked as energetically as he had defended utility against poetry last night, talking the while so quietly, yet so intelligently, that, except for the recollection of his being a working-man, I should have been well pleased with him.

"Cornelia Holly, if you ain't smart! Picked that great basketful of currants already!" exclaimed aunt in most grateful tone, as I went into the kitchen with my load, Mr. Chilton having

fulfilled my hopes of his springing over the back part of the garden-fence when our work was done.

"Is Corneel back already? I was just repenting of my meanness, and thinking of going out to help her," said disingenuous Tilly.

"Now, Tilly, no white lies," said I. "Just look at my ruined complexion. You knew how to preserve your beauty, so none of your pretenses."

"Why, you look as cool as a cucumber, Miss Holly, though your cheeks are red as mountain roses. Do look, ma, what a color she has, and how bright her eyes are! I declare I wish I had gone out, too; for I am as pale as a turnip."

"O, go along, you lazy thing! I shall recommend Cornelia to Mr. Rudd the very minute he comes back," said aunt, sitting down to the currant-stemming with supreme satisfaction.

"Do, before she is over head and ears in love with that hired man. I never saw any thing like it; how she forgets her dignity with him!" said Anne, eating unsparingly of the currants he had picked.

Aunt and Tilly both laughed heartily; but I could not see what there was so very laughable about that peevish remark; and while I was washing the stains from my fingers, I reflected that Aunt Parsons was overdoing democracy by familiarizing me so with her hired man. But, then, she was the best-natured, if unthinking, soul in the world, and, of course, supposed, if she thought at all about the matter, that I was fully able to take care of my own dignity of character.

After tea, this evening, Anne came to me in great disgust: "Cornelia, Chilton [O, how disdainfully she spoke the name!] has invited us all to a horseback-ride to-night, and uncle has consented to let all four of the horses go, and he has procured side-saddles, and asked John Holmes and another country lubber to accompany us."

Tilly overheard this, and I thought she should die of laughter.

"Well, deary," said I, a little maliciously, "I will be generous; for you shall ride with Chilton, while I will take up with the other 'lubber.'"

"O, how good to yourself! I am going with Holmes."

"Why, Anne!" said I, reproachfully; for I knew she had seen the preference of young Holmes for Tilly, and of her for him, as well as I had.

"Well," she answered, "I am not going to prose along the road with a stranger, and a staring countryman, at that."

Tilly turned away, with an arch smile this time, and presently left the room, and I said:

"Perhaps, then, Tilly intends to ride with Chilton."

"No, he was portioned out to you at once," said Anne.

I was indignant at that. What does aunt mean? Ah, *she* married a hired man, and thinks I can surely be polite to one. How vexatious that Rudd does not come! I should like to see how he behaves toward Chilton. I would decline the ride, only it would grieve aunt and Tilly if I did.

But I forgot my vexation when I saw how Anne's selfish conduct was returned upon her own head. The "country lubber" was a handsome, well-bred young man, and John Holmes impressively introduced him as "Squire Mendon's son, just from college," which made Anne's blue eyes dilate with astonishment, and gave Tilly much satisfaction.

I was not sorry, either, to see Anne's discomfited looks as she stood watching young Mendon as he politely assisted Tilly to mount her horse. She was so absorbed in watching the two that she did not hear Mr. Holmes's twice-repeated question as to whether she was ready to be helped into the saddle; and, when at last made aware that she was addressed, answered in such short tone, and gave her hand with so little of lady-like grace, that I was glad the "first society of Hudson" were not there to see.

Where was that Chilton? I was poutingly wondering, too; but to myself. O, aunt was putting some roses in his button-hole. What a silly fuss she did make over that hired man! But it was certain he did look well in that little riding-coat and jaunty cap. He was, in truth, the man of the party, I inwardly owned, and tried to make myself believe that I was not at all ashamed to ride by his side, though he did look a little less at ease than he had done in the garden this morning, did seem more the embarrassed rustic than any thing else, and looked furtively at me to assure himself that I was quite contented with my escort for the ride. I did not feel absolutely delighted, as he could see; but I concealed, as much as possible, my want of cordiality, and, as we started off, asked smilingly:

"Is this a gentle horse?"

"Are you a timid rider?" he asked, with much concern. "I was told you were not."

"Did my question imply that I was?" I asked, good-humoredly.

"I thought it did," he said, quietly.

"It might or it might not. If I am a fearless

rider, it only meant, I just want to know the mettle of my steed."

He looked glad that I thus tried to cheer myself under the untoward circumstance of riding with him, and said:

"Very good; but suppose you are not a fearless rider?"

"Could you discover from my looks whether I were or not?"

"Yes; I judge you to be a very fearless rider; for any one who can brave public opinion is not apt to be afraid of a horse."

I looked offended; but I was brave for the right, I said to myself, and so asked unflinchingly, "Do you call that a nice compliment to a lady?"

"I do, or I assuredly had not uttered it to one I so highly respect."

"I do not know how I brave public opinion; for I have always thought myself very diffident," I said, in a tone of offense, adding, "If you please, we will change the subject."

He bowed and said: "You perceive the road is wide a little distance ahead. Shall we spur on when we get there, and leave those loiterers far behind? What a timid rider Miss Bonni-bel is! I hope her horse will not start forward too suddenly as we go past. If I thought there was any likelihood of it, we would not make the attempt."

I considered this very kind and thoughtful toward Anne, after such treatment as he had received from her, and, I suppose, looked my approval; for he called out to John Holmes, "Have you hold of Miss Bonni-bel's horse?"

John pretended to resent the question, but slyly pulled up the horse to show that he held a strap attached to the bit.

Mr. Mendon and Tilly were galloping ahead at a fine rate, and presently Mr. Chilton and I shot past John and Anne, and came up with them, and I heard Mendon say, "That's the Rudd place, is n't it?"

"Is it Mr. Chilton?" I asked of him, as I perceived that he also had heard Mendon's inquiry.

"Yes," said he; "do you admire that style of cottage?"

"Cottage!" said I, in surprise; for it was a large house, built of gray-stone, and had a beautiful portico facing the river.

He was smiling maliciously to himself, I was quite certain, even under that pretended coolness.

"There is a fine farm attached, and I am engaged with old Mr. Rudd to work it on shares," said he, in a quiet way.

"Are you, indeed? I am surprised that his son does not work with his father."

"Perhaps you will not be, when you come to know him."

"Are you not friendly with him?" I asked, in surprise.

"O, yes," he said, nonchalantly; "but we fall out often, and I have great ado to make him treat me politely afterward."

"Why, he can not be a very agreeable gentleman, then," I said, simply.

"No; he is very odd and disagreeable at times."

"You surprise me! for I have never heard aunt speak of him but with respect. Indeed, she is always praising him in the highest terms."

"O, the Parsons are partial to him," said he, a little bitterly now; and I thought, "You are an envious man."

"Chilton," said Tilly, when we had slackened the pace of our horses to a walk, "has Mr. Rudd commenced his ice-house yet? for pa wants to drive over to see it when it is done."

I thought she should have addressed him as Mr. Chilton; and looked at her reprovingly, but she glanced back at me very independently; for Tilly was not one to be governed by a look.

"I believe it is nearly completed," said Mr. Chilton.

"Would you like to stop and inquire? because Cornelia can ride on with us, if you would, and you could soon catch up."

"Tilly," said I, now trying the effect of tone in government; but she tossed her head and laughed. But Mr. Chilton frowned, much to my delight, and gravely declined the honor she intended him; and looked at me gratefully for covertly giving him his dues as a gentleman.

We now turned, and slowly walked our horses back, as we saw Mr. Holmes and Anne coming on at moderate pace; and we wished to give them all the benefit of the exercise possible under the disadvantage of Anne's poor horsemanship.

"Chilt, drive the ladies over to our house to-morrow evening; my sister arrived home from school yesterday, and will be delighted to see them," invited John, in his informal way.

"That is curious," said I, looking at John; "to abbreviate a person's surname."

He glanced at Tilly, and then both laughed, when young Mendon exclaimed, "Surname!" and Tilly gave his horse a sly switch, and started her horse forward at the same time. I looked to Mr. Chilton to follow their quick pace; but he was gazing abstractedly into the road.

"Poor man!" I thought; "he feels it very much—this slighting of him because he is a working-man. It is a shame in a Republican country to do so; I am glad I showed a differ-

ent spirit; though I am a little proud, too, by nature." And to comfort him, I began to talk in a lively way about nothing; when he cheered up instantly, and answered with such glad surprise that the way home was shortened to a very diminutive distance.

As we alighted, aunt came out with hospitable face, to invite all in to partake of ice-cream, she had made while we had been away.

Poor, tired Uncle Parsons got up to take away the horses; but Mr. Chilton insisted that he should sit still, for the horses would be taken care of, no doubt about that; and John Holmes sided with the dignity of labor by going to help turn them into pasture.

CHAPTER III.

"That John Holmes is a very nice young man," said aunt, looking admiringly after him, as he helped to lead the horses away.

"A-hem!" said uncle, in a way that did not add to Tilly's good spirits.

When we had laid aside our riding-dresses, and returned to the sitting-room, Anne managed to get a seat beside young Mendon, and opened conversation with him by asking:

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Rudd?"

He looked surprised, and said, "What, this Mr. Rudd? Certainly; known him a long time."

The Parsons all looked blank; but in a moment Tilly recovered her light spirits, and tried to make ingenious diversions by saying:

"Old Mr. Rudd, of course, he means, Anne."

But the device failed. It was plain, now, that Anne and I had been woefully deceived all this time, and Chilton was no other than the Mr. Rudd of her hopes and my fears. Silence reigned in the room, when the two entered who had been taking care of the horses.

One of them seemed to feel what had taken place, and took a seat in silence; but dry John said, "What's to pay?"

The tears sprang to Anne's eyes, and she arose and left the room.

I sat down my ice-cream, which had tasted so deliciously a minute ago; for a want of refreshment began to be felt about my heart, and I sat perfectly still to ponder upon it. I was no coward, to run away from the disagreeables of life. I always faced them; and if they needed reproof, I reprov'd. Here was a case in point, and it should have the benefit of my peculiar views. But I gave defendant chance of first speech. Uncle, though, opened for the prosecution, by saying compassionately:

"Ma, you ought n't to have done it; I told you so."

Mr. Mendon wondered what he had done to

cause such sinking of spirits of the whole party, and looked from one to the other beseechingly.

"How did it come about?" asked John, comprehending matters at last.

"Mr. Mendon inadvertently betrayed every thing," said Tilly, trying to laugh; but for once unable to do so.

"Mendon? Then let him mend matters," said John.

"Guess he do n't exactly see where they broke gear," said uncle, dryly.

"Well, now, I saw it at once, after being told of it," said John, trying to be waggish; when Tilly managed to laugh faintly.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mendon.

"Why Miss Parsons has been giving her fair cousins a lesson on the dignity of labor," said John.

"She should have put the dignity of truth first," said I, now opening the prosecution in due form.

Mr. Rudd, who had sat all this time in perfect silence, now started and frowned a little, but did not speak.

"Why, did I tell any untruths?" asked Tilly, pertly.

"Call things by their right names, Tilly," said her father—"say lies."

"Lies!" exclaimed aunt. "Cornelia is not going to be so hard on us as all that."

"I must side with uncle," said I, quietly, "when he sides with the right."

"I told them not to do it when they whispered the plan to me the night you came," said uncle. "I knew they'd have to tell lies to keep it a-going, and at best it would be acting a lie."

"Why, there was no lying about it," said Tilly, with great animation. "The plan worked itself out, almost barren of aid. I have never seen two such easily duped creatures as Cornelia and Anne in all my life before. I only hoped to tease Anne a little while; for I thought Cornelia keen enough to see through the maneuver at once; but when I saw her blinded, too, I determined to carry on the joke—against my better judgment, I suppose I ought to add," she concluded, casting a roguish glance at Rudd.

But he did not return it; for his eyes were bent on the floor.

"Where's Miss Bonniel?" suddenly asked John. "I now think it due to this gentleman and two ladies of *his acquaintance*, that they have an introduction to one another."

The whole room tried to laugh a little at that; but I would not encourage the mirth.

Tilly ran for Miss Bonniel, but soon returned, saying that she would not come. Mr.

Mendon then took leave. John knew that he ought to accompany him; but he glanced uneasily at uncle; he must clear his character in that quarter first; and pretending not to see that Mendon was really going, sat down by me and said, brightly:

"Does Miss Holly take it as any thing but a joke?"

"Appears to," said uncle, gravely.

"Why, Miss Holly, I thought you could appreciate a joke."

"So I can—a harmless one, Mr. Holmes," said I, gravely.

"Well, is any body hurt now?" he asked, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"If I must speak the plain truth, it was insulting, both to Miss Bonniel and me," said I, indignantly.

"O, you must n't call it insulting, when no insult was intended," said he, deprecatingly.

"Now, suppose we discuss the matter a little," said uncle. "How did the deception originate?"

"Tilly, into the confessional at once," said John, delighted that uncle had made such a proposition.

"It did not originate with me," said Tilly, looking over at Mr. Rudd.

"Well, then, Chilton Rudd, explain yourself," said John, turning to him with a desperate attempt at easy drollery.

"It originated not with me, but Miss Bonniel," said Mr. Rudd, coolly.

Then aunt and Tilly laughed naturally, for the first time since the discovery of the deception; and the latter ran again for Anne, and made such representation of the subject this time as induced her to come.

"Miss Bonniel, there is a serious charge against you," said John, in a lively way, as she entered.

She blushed deeply, and asked, "What charge?"

"That you said Mr. Rudd looked like a hired man."

"I never said so," she promptly asserted.

"Mr. Rudd can show to the contrary," said John, putting on the air of a lawyer.

"Now, Miss Bonniel," said Mr. Rudd, trying to recover his spirits, "did n't you say to Miss Holly, on the evening of your arrival here, that I was a hired man?"

Tilly laughed excitedly, and Anne blushed painfully, as she called to mind what she had said at the moment of our arrival, not knowing that any body had heard it but me.

"Well, I supposed you were the hired man, as you were cutting wood," said she, innocently.

"But Miss Holly knew better, as she did not indorse your opinion," said he.

This was very aggravating, and I quickly said, "But I inwardly indorsed."

"All the speech?" he asked, with such dry roguery, that all laughed but uncle and me.

"It was too bad to take up Anne so," said uncle, pityingly.

"Well, pa, I know it was; and we only meant the joke to last till after tea that first night; but she looked so scornfully at the hired man that I was quite piqued for your sake, pa. Her sneer at hired men reached over to you, and I was bound to punish her for it," and Tilly's eyes dilated, and her cheek flushed, as she looked at Anne while saying this.

"O, Uncle Parsons," said Anne, creeping up to him affectionately, "I never thought of reflecting upon you for having been a hired man."

"Now turn to Mr. Rudd, and say the same sweetly to him, and all is made up," said John.

"I won't do it," said she, with a pretty lip.

"Then, Rudd, you must do the handsome thing, and beg her pardon," said John, putting on an air of great manliness, and looking toward uncle for approval. But uncle took no notice of him.

Said Mr. Rudd, quietly, pretending offense: "I am the aggrieved party. Was I not mistaken for a poor hired man, at first, and really treated as such up to this time by Miss Bonniel; and now what have I to beg her pardon for?"

"Well, I will not beg pardon of you either, for a very natural mistake," said she, with spirit, when John cried out:

"Hold! you are not mending matters!"

Even uncle laughed a little at that, and I almost smiled. Then uncle said, "Well, now, Mr. Holmes, as you can't manage those two, suppose you try Cornelia."

John's heart leaped into his face at that, and he turned briskly to me: "Now, Miss Holly, beg your own pardon, and all is clear."

"I am not at enmity with that person," said I. "She did very well on the dignity of labor, and now only stands firm for the dignity of right."

"Bravo!" said uncle; but Mr. Rudd frowned slightly.

"Now, pa, let Cornelia have all the dignity to herself. You know you are a plain, common-sense man," said Tilly, coaxingly.

"It is uncle's plain common sense that makes him such a right-judging man," said I, and uncle raised his eyebrows funnily, and laughed.

"Are we all righted now?" asked John, valiantly attacking his cake and cream.

"Except the dignity of right," said Mr. Rudd, cautiously, and glancing furtively at me.

"Good! He is hit," thought I.

"Let that take care of itself," said John, manfully.

"So the world always argues," said I, sadly.

"There, John, I would n't take that; for you belong to the Church," said Tilly, quickly.

"No, it's the Church belongs to me," said he, drolly.

"Then you should take better care of your possessions," said I, soberly.

"That's it!" said uncle.

"Now, *he* would imply that we've none of us acted a Christian part except Cornelia," said aunt, pretending offense.

"Well, now you've got a chance to defend your Christian characters," said uncle, dryly.

"Chilton, take the floor on our behalf," pleaded aunt.

"I believe I'm floored, if you bring it to that," said he, humbly; and I thought it the best plea he could have made, and so did uncle, who turned to aunt, and said:

"Very good. Now, ma, you be as candid."

"Then Mr. Rudd and Mrs. Parsons are principal convicts, are they?" she asked, in pathetic voice.

"So it seems," said uncle.

"And Tilly and I compelled participants," smartly said John.

"Hold, there! no chicanery on this trial," said uncle. "You were willing parties to the fraud, and must be condemned accordingly, notwithstanding your youth."

Youth! John was floored now, feelingly speaking; and showed his vexation by running his fingers through his front hair, widening out the earlocks, to make himself look more manly.

"O, come! do let us beg pardon in chorus, and have done with the subject; for I am tired of it!" said Tilly, sympathizing with John.

"But will that make the subject 'done with,' morally speaking, daughter?" said uncle, kindly.

"Why yes, if we promise do so no more," said she.

"And keep the promise," said John, seriously.

That told upon uncle—was evidently the best thing he had said during the evening, which John perceiving, he thought he might now safely take leave. When he had gone, I left the room, and aunt followed me out.

"Cornelia, are you going to retire without bidding *any* of us good-night?"

"Can you send me home to-morrow, aunt?" I quietly asked, as I walked toward the stairs.

"Now, Cornelia, you are too unforgiving," said she, the tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, aunt, I am sorry to go away under such circumstances; but you certainly have ill-used me, and Anne too."

"Yes; but I did it unthinkingly, as did the others, I am sure."

"But, poor Anne,—how mortifying to her the remembrance of her scorn of the hired man must be!"

"O, a great deal *she* feels it. Look at her staying back to make all up with him."

I looked. Well, if that was not the meanest part of the affair! And how was he taking it? I could not tell, as his back was toward us.

"Aunt," I asked, gravely; "was this victimizing of us arranged before we came?"

"Why, no; we were all amused at Anne's mistake. Rudd called Tilly out, while you were taking off your things on your arrival, and told her of it; and asked her to let him assume the character of the common hired man, just for that night; and to please him and Tilly, pa and I agreed to it against our will. I wish Anne would come out of that parlor. She ought to have had self-respect enough to have been cool with him, for a night at least;" and aunt finished by calling Anne out.

"What do you want?" asked she, pettishly.

"Well, it's rather late, and the rest of us are about to retire," said aunt.

"Why, Cornelia Holly, how haughty you were over a mere joke!" said Anne.

"Who left the room in haughtiness when she obeyed her first instincts of what was right?" I retorted.

"O, I can forgive," said she.

"So can I, when asked to do so," I retorted again.

"Why, we ought not to wait to be asked," said she, softly.

"Where *rich* young gentlemen are concerned," said aunt, laughing. "But, Anne, he'll think better of you for showing a little offense."

Tilly had come out of the parlor with Anne, and had stood, during the foregoing, looking at her mischievously, and ready to speak when the best chance came. Anne soon gave it to her.

"Ma always says I never can stay mad more than a minute at a time."

"Why, you stayed mad a great while, I think, at being treated to the company of a hired man. Besides, how did you like the looks of that other country bumpkin?" said Tilly, giving vent again to one of her merriest fits of laughter.

"That was mean as it could be, Tilly Parsons!" said Anne, indignantly.

"No; it was mean in you, Anne Bonnibel, to speak slightly of my country friends before you had seen them, and to keep hinting at pa

over Chilton's head. Know this, that Mr. Rudd is a hired man, regularly hired out to pa for the Summer."

"Now, Tilly, no more deceptions. That's true, girls; but then it is only to learn farming that he has hired out to *pa*, as his father has lately bought a farm, and he wants to understand how to manage it; and your uncle was too independent to let him work for nothing," said aunt, trying to make honorable amends for her share in the late fraud.

But when alone, and thinking over the matter, I wondered if I had it not in my power to indemnify myself for the infringement upon my maidenly dignity.

Mr. Rudd had certainly paid addresses to me under a disguise, transparent enough, to be sure, if I had only had my wits about me; and as I had not, I was the more chagrined, and I would be openly dealt with in such an important matter. I lay awake half the night, revolving in my mind the proper punishment for Mr. Rudd's "piece of deception," as my pride called his acting the part of hired man, but fell asleep without forming any definite plan of behavior; and perhaps it was as well that I let things take their own course with me, as the reader will see.

A VISIT TO THE GUAJIRO INDIANS OF MARACAIBO.

IN the course of my wanderings as a naturalist amid the tropical riches and glory of Venezuela, I have naturally been led to visit many places out of the beat of the ordinary traveler, and very little known even to the Venezuelans themselves. One of these places was a semi-aquatic village of the Guajiro Indians, who inhabit chiefly the western side of the Gulf of Maracaibo, and, besides their possessions on the main-land, build pile dwellings, elevated over the blue waters of the gulf in shallow places near the shore.

Having resolved to explore the neighborhood of Merida, a considerable town near the southern coast of the "Lake" of Maracaibo—which is no lake, but the inland portion of the gulf connected with the outer part by a very narrow strait—I was informed that the best and quickest way thither, from Puerto Cabello, was by sea to the village of Maracaibo. This village is situated just within the strait leading to the inner gulf, and I was told that it was not difficult to get conveyed thence to any part of the shores of the lake, and from the landing-place obtain mules for the land conveyance to Merida.

The winds at the season of my visit were

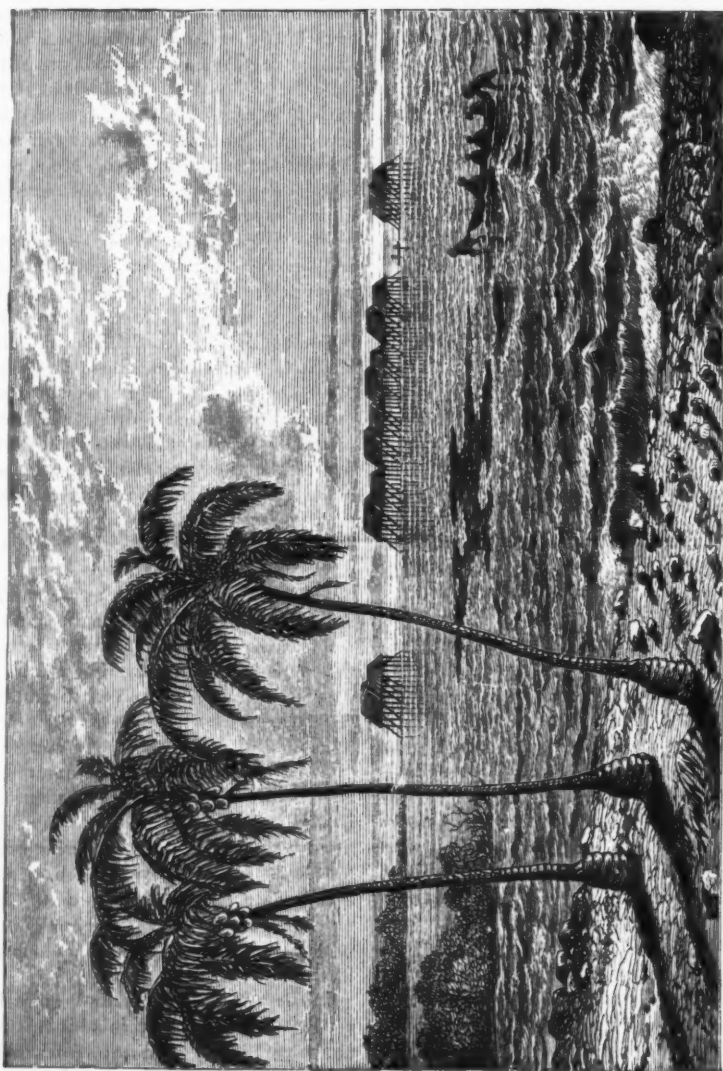
favorable, blowing steadily from east to west. The voyage of some four hundred miles in one of the coasting vessels was accomplished in safety, and I was set down with my chests, guns, nets, ammunition, and all the paraphernalia of a traveling naturalist, on the flat shores at the village. There was nothing here to induce me to prolong my stay; the country was a level plain, and monotonous both in its scenery and its vegetable and animal productions. In fact, the entire circuit of the lake, or "laguna," as it is called, of Maracaibo presents a similar aspect, the land not being elevated more than a few feet above the sea-level. Numerous species of cactus of fantastic forms—dwarf, prickly mimosas, or sensitive plants, whose leaves shrink at the touch of the hunter as he passes by—and several other plants of similar appearance, characterize the arid landscape. A similar vegetation, it is true, is found in the sandy coast region at Coro, Puerto Cabello, and other places, but it is here of much less vigorous growth. No spreading tree affords welcome shade and protection from the glowing sunbeams, which heat the ground to that extent that it burns the feet of the tired traveler. A naturalist would make a grievous mistake to select such a place as a center for his investigations. The productive country lies at a distance of several days' journey, and the whole district is inhabited by the same species as he would already have found in other parts of the coast region.

At the southern end, many rivers, rising in the slopes of the snowy range, from one hundred to two hundred miles distant, discharge their waters into the laguna. The principal of them is the Zulia, the lower course of which flows through alluvial flats covered with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. Here the glossy, broad-leaved plants of the *Marantaceæ* family, and the slender towering palms, amid the luxuriant greenery of the dense woods, compensate for the flatness of the landscape; but the country is too unhealthy to make it prudent for a naturalist to stay long enough to investigate its fauna.

While at Maracaibo I took great interest in a tribe of Indians, who inhabit this region, the above-mentioned Guajiros. A few half-civilized families of this singular people are settled in the neighborhood of the town of Maracaibo, and I made arrangements to pay them a visit. Young Indians of the tribe are to be seen in almost every house in the town, employed as domestic servants; the lads making themselves useful in carrying the daily supplies of water for domestic consumption, and other similar labors, and the girls working in the kitchen,

and so forth. It is said, I believe with truth, that these boys and girls are sold by their tribe when very young; they seldom have any recollection of their parents. The Indians themselves are quite independent of the Venezuelan Government, living in their wild district free from the trammels of civilization, and obeying

their own chiefs. It is not safe to travel in their territory, owing to the jealousy with which they regard the settlers; and they have persistently refused to part with their lands on peaceful terms. Their mode of holding communication with the whites, and doing the little trade which their necessities require, is to meet



VILLAGE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.

the traders at stated times, at a spot near the town of Maracaibo, where the Venezuelans have constructed forts, or rude houses, surrounded by wooden fences.

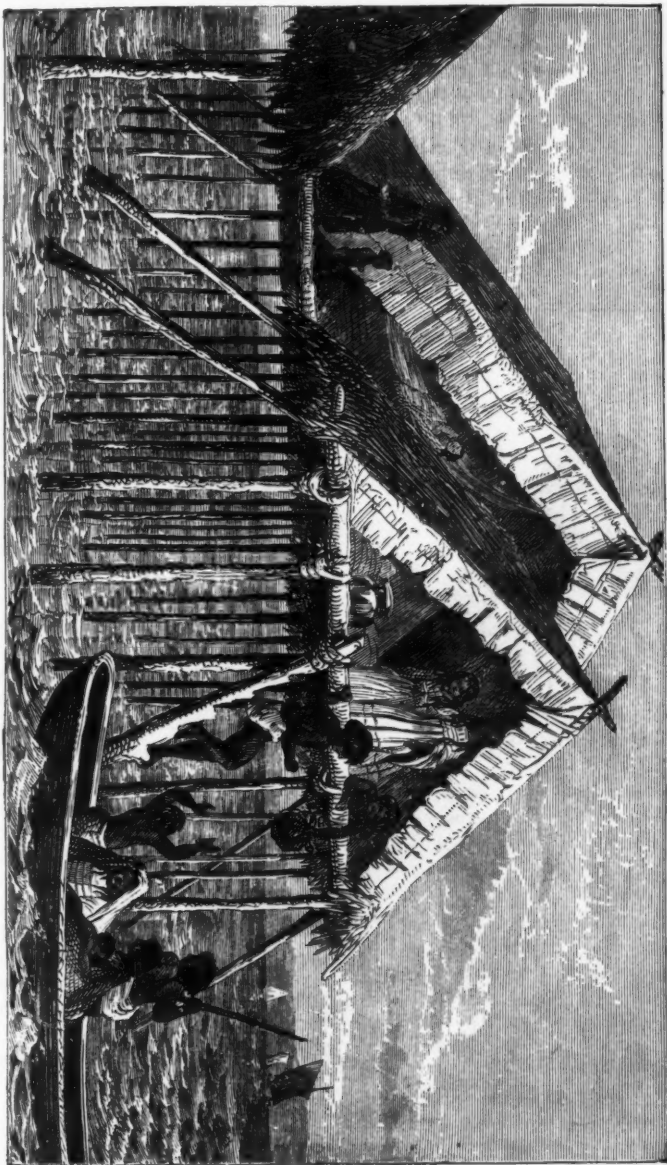
Having arranged with some friends to pay a visit to one of the Guajiro villages, about ten miles distant from Maracaibo, we set off one bright morning on horseback. The road lay

along the shores of the lake, in a northerly direction from the town. A dense fringe of mangrove-bushes skirted the swampy shores, and from amid the dull gray-green undergrowth the smooth stems of cocoa-nut palms here and there shot up, supporting their graceful crowns of pinnate leaves. After a ride of about an hour and a half through this somewhat monot-

onous scenery, we reached a place where the cocoa-nut and other trees grew more densely, forming a pleasant shady grove. We then obtained our first glimpse of the village, a sketch of which I made on the spot. The wary In-

dians soon perceived us, and two men put off in one of their rude boats, formed simply of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out, and called cajucos. On landing, they asked what we had come for. A few presents, which we had brought, and the

EMBARKATION OF GUAYIRO.



fact, which Indians are quick to perceive, that we were not Spaniards or Venezuelans, prepared the way to a friendly conversation, which ended in the men consenting to gratify our curiosity to see their marine village, by taking us over. The water shallowed off very grad-

ually near the shore, making the embarkation difficult; but this was overcome by the Indians taking us one by one, on their shoulders, and carrying us to the boat. Once embarked, we were obliged to crouch down in the bottom of the cajuco, and remain motionless, the least

movement threatening to capsize the crazy vessel. The Indians stood one at each end, and propelled the boat by means of long poles. In this way we progressed pretty rapidly; but we occasionally got aground, and then our guides had to jump in the water and shoulder us over the obstruction.

In this way we reached the Guajiro village. Here a lively scene presented itself. The houses, with low sloping roofs, were like so many little cock-lofts perched on high, over the shallow waters, and they are connected with each other by means of bridges made of narrow planks, the split stems of palm-trees. As we approached, a crowd of women and children were seen scampering over these bridges, all apparently trying to get within their own door-ways,

so as to be able to peep freely from within shelter at their unwonted visitors. They appeared curious to know which house we should select for our first visit; but scarcely were they satisfied on this point, when they all came rushing toward us, and in a few minutes we had the whole population, large and small, collected round us, staring with the greatest eagerness. We were then invited to enter one of the huts. To do this, we had to perform a feat worthy of some of the monkeys in the neighboring woods, for we had to climb an upright pole by means of notches cut into its sides.

Each house, or cock-loft, consisted of two parts, the pent-roof shelter being partitioned off in the middle. The front apartment served the double purpose of entrance-hall and kitchen,

the rear apartment as a reception and dwelling chamber; and I was not a little surprised to observe how clean it was kept. The floor was formed of split stems of trees, set close together, and covered with mats. Weapons and utensils were placed in order in the corners, and a quantity of women's apparel hung on cords drawn across the chamber, the clothing consisting of calico-print skirts, handkerchiefs, etc., which they wear only when they go on a visit to Maracaibo. On entering, we sat down, as customary, on the floor, surrounded by about thirty women and children, squatted on their haunches, the few men present standing up behind the rest, and the whole forming a crescent-shaped group. I had now an opportunity of noticing more closely the personal appearance of these people. They are an athletic, muscular race, of a darker and, at the same time, ruddier hue than other South American Indians—the Chaymas of Caripé, for example. In other respects, no difference of physique was perceptible.

The conversation which ensued was kept up, on the part of our hosts, chiefly by the old women, the men and



THE BELLE OF THE GUAJIRO VILLAGE.

younger women scarcely speaking at all—the latter, in particular, being very coy and modest, with difficulty replying in a few words, and with downcast eyes, to some flattering remark. The chief cause of the good welcome we had received soon became patent; it was the expectation of handsome presents, and we soon gratified them by liberal gifts of sundry small silver coins, and abundance of cigars.

I made a sketch of one of the Guajiro women, as she appeared attired in her Sunday best. It is not an uncommon sight to see Indians of this tribe, similarly attired, walking about the shore at Maracaibo. The older women have dresses of similar fashion, but of more somber colors. As to the men, they wear, when away from home, a kind of blue shirt and trousers; at other times they go almost naked. The occupation of the men is chiefly fishing, in which they possess great skill. A few of the natives speak the Spanish language; but among themselves nothing but their own Guajiro idiom is used. In their address they are manly and self-confident. They do not condescend to use the third person singular in speaking to white men, as is customary among equals in South America, but address every one as "thou." Unlike many other tribes of Indians, they have a keen sense of the value of money, and are good hands at driving a bargain.

I gave the good-looking girl, who sat to me for her portrait, a dollar for her kindness. This liberality caused me a great deal of trouble; for I was afterward pestered by a whole crowd of men, women, and children, all wanting to grant me a sitting at the same price.

Villages composed of pile dwellings, such as that I have here attempted to describe, and of which the engravings give a faithful representation, are numerous along the shores of the great Lake or Gulf of Maracaibo. The positions chosen for their erection are near the mouths of the rivers and in shallow waters. The piles on which they rest are driven deep into the oozy bottom, and so firmly do they hold, that there is no shakiness of the lofty-perched dwelling perceptible, even when crowded with people. The advantages of dwelling in houses so situated, in a hot climate like this, are very great. The inmates receive the full benefit of the refreshing breezes, whether from land or sea, which temper so agreeably the sweltering heats of tropical America; and as they pursue their indoor avocations, they are soothed by the continual murmur of the waters beneath. The lovely blue surface of the lake, with its sweeps of shore fringed with green woods and distant lines of palm-trees, forms an agreeable land-

scape. It is like living aboard a ship, with the advantage of solid footing and facilities of going ashore whenever one wishes. Pile dwellings, more or less similar to these of Maracaibo, are found in other parts of South America; generally, I believe, about the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazons. They are the invention, not exactly of savages, but of tribes of men in a very primitive stage of culture. Such, probably, were the people who lived in the pre-historic lake dwellings of Switzerland.

Our visit to these unsophisticated people at length came to an end. We were conveyed to the shore by our guides of the morning, and galloped back to Maracaibo.

THE GUIDE OF THE ALPS.

THE little village of Chamouny, nestling at the base of Mont Blanc, one sunny May morning, fifty years ago, was astir with the excitement of a joyful event; for William of Anteuil, the sturdy young blacksmith, had wedded Jacqueline, the niece of the worthy innkeeper, whose house, standing on the public highway, invited the passing traveler to repose, and the best cheer the valley afforded.

The travel-stained blind fiddler, in company with a flaxen-haired lad, and lean, hungry-looking dog, sat at the tavern-door, playing merrily, despite his velveteen coat, out at elbows, straitened waistcoat, and well-worn nether garments, accompanying with his cracked, old voice the joyous air, to the cheerful words, which ran *chantons et le plaisir*, as rustic music announced the approach of the bridal procession. The asthmatic clarionet's notes, both high and shrill, and low and guttural, sent out by the tall, gawky musician, clad in a loose, flapping linen coat, who headed the festal party, produced inharmonious discords, rousing the mountain echoes, and swelling the happiness of the proud groom who followed him, attired in Sunday suit of dark blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole. Close beside him walked his blushing bride, in bridal wreath, white robe and slippers, while friends, relatives, and a troop of village children, shouting with joy, when a man in black, a master of ceremonies, showered largesse among them in the shape of sugar-plums, completed the show, and ended the procession.

In one of the groups of villagers, who hurried to see it, stood a young man and woman. They were betrothed lovers; and a deep cloud darkened the face of Pierre as the echoes of the wheezing clarionet died away.

"Happiness to all, but none for me," he said,

moodily. "Six months' betrothal, and no hope of marriage."

The tongues of the village gossips were wagging freely around him, discussing the merits and virtues of the bride and groom.

"Nay," said Christine, his betrothed, extricating herself from the talkative crowd. "Speak lower, Pierre, or you will have your envy the talk of the village. Hope is a good thing to have in the heart"—she laid her hand gently upon his arm—"and God is just."

"You are a good girl; the saints protect you better than they have protected me, for they have long since abandoned me."

Christine crossed herself before she spoke. "It is not for us to solve the mysteries that darken our paths. Sickness and that fever has damped your courage. With health and strength, and your Alpine stock, all will be well again."

The young man's brow cleared. "You are a good, brave girl, Christine."

"And speak not so of the saints," she said, reproachfully; "for have not my prayers at the shrine of our blessed Lady saved you from the fires of purgatory, in sparing your life?"

Pierre made no answer; he was not religious; for Christine to him was what the Holy Mother was to his betrothed, though he was numbered among the members of the Church.

"See," she added, stooping and plucking a flower, "travelers have before this started to see our giant mountain. They are now on their way; and, when a guide is needed, who has a surer foot or keener eye than you?"

"Or my father, and his father before him?" said Pierre. "So it has ever been with my race, though the fever has dizzied my brain." He took off his slouched hat, and looked up away to the lofty heights whose summits pierced the clouds. "But the Spring air steadies me. Men have said no pass was unknown to me, for I have ventured where the boldest faltered; no peril has unnerved or daunted me."

"Then envy no longer the happiness of William and Jacqueline," Christine added, looking with pride upon his athletic figure. "I have a good home with my Aunt Marie. In time all will be well."

He saw with emotion her handsome, dark face lit up with hope and enthusiasm.

"You are a good girl, Christine," he repeated; "and your brave, strong heart trembles not at unforeseen danger. It has been said the Bernese are brave as bears; and you are true to your race."

"Nay," she returned quickly; "in health you are the brave. Be very strong and hopeful. But if you dare where others would not ven-

ture, or imperil life and limb, you will then find out all my woman's weakness."

"Guides have been lost, swept away, and imprisoned in mountain glaciers. It has not happened to one of my race. But that is my worst enemy."

He pointed upward. The mist stole silently over the mountain. As they watched, its vast proportions were enveloped with the white, filmy veil, and could only dimly be discerned; and the sun, which shone brightly on the wedding party, was now obscured by a cloud that darkened the valley.

They walked on in silence until they came in sight of Christine's home, a cottage with projecting roof, the sides of which, almost perpendicular, partially concealed the walls, but served to cover a gallery. Around the rough-timbered pillars, creepers were twined, which were putting out the first tender green leaves of Spring. In a small garden behind the house, surrounded by some wooden frame-work, Christine's aunt, in coarse blue petticoat and jacket, black apron, and cap and kerchief of whitest linen, was bending over the covered stand containing bee-hives, whose busy labors added to the scanty pittance gained the family by toils in the fields in Summer, and spinning and needlework in Winter, which served to eke out their income.

"Every calling has its own perils. The sailor risks his life on the ocean, the soldier on the field of battle. Surely mountain mists and icy walls and rocks are not more hazardous," said Christine, as he turned to leave her.

"Nay," said Pierre, with a smile, "no Swiss is a coward. We are brave men and women, hemmed in by those huge walls. Our mountains are our defense; our herds and flocks are the hardest; even the shepherd lads are early taught the difficulties they must encounter in leading them to their brief Alpine pastures, over the steep cliffs and rough rocks."

The words of Christine echoed in his heart as Pierre strode away, inspired with the hope of his Bernese maiden; for Christine was not of Chamouny. Her coal-black eyes and raven hair attested that she was not born under the shadow of the mountain-crest; and her voice rang with a clear gayety, unlike the somber tones of the people who have grown silent and grave under the solemn shadows of the stupendous mountain.

"Nothing is denied to good conduct and honesty," he said, repeating the last words of his betrothed as he paused, and, taking off his hat, wiped the moisture from his brow, caused by his active walk in the sun, whose rays were

now streaming full upon the snow-clad heights, shining in aerial splendor, as if rejecting connection with inferior earth. The mists from the lower part rolled up in silvery clouds, toward a loftier region than that occupied by mortal man, invested with an ethereal and dazzling splendor, suggestive of immeasurable height and unattainable distance.

The snow sank under the wooden shoes, as he plucked a mountain flower of more than ordinary beauty to place in Christine's bodice, and stood, with bared head, drinking in the silent majesty of the everlasting hills. The tumbling streams, whose sources are lost in the skies, rushing through stony chasms and down rugged precipices, to quiet pasture-grounds below; the tinkling of bells from the dun herd that browsed on the patches of green, like emeralds among the bold rocks, nature's towers and bastions, were the only sounds that rent the air in this solemn court, where nature demands worship from man.

"The Dane loves the ocean, the German the Rhine; but better far the Swiss his mountain home."

The wedding-guests were scattered, the bride taken to her new home, and the village had subsided into its usual sobriety. As Pierre passed the tavern, only the blind fiddler remained, his instrument lying at his feet, while he enjoyed at his leisure the remnants of the marriage feast, sharing them with the hungry animal, the constant and faithful companion of his wanderings.

The two were not left undisturbed to the enjoyment of their meal; for a clattering over the well-beaten road startled the inn-keeper from a doze in his arm-chair. Hurrying past them, fiddler and fiddle were swept aside, as he hastened to offer a solicitous welcome, and proffers of entertainment for man and beast, to three young men on mules, who rode up to the inn.

"We are bound for Mortigny, but in passing think of making the ascent of Mont Blanc," said one, who appeared to be the eldest of the three.

"Not the ascent, Godwin," interrupted one of his companions. "We intend to have a bout at the giant; that will be all."

"You and Wallace may decide as you please. I shall abide by the resolution I made before leaving England."

"I stand by you, Meredith. Since the mountain has been seen, I confess my adventurous spirit has lost some of the enchantment lent by distance."

"The greater the hazard, the greater the glory," exclaimed Godwin, impatiently.

"At least, let us decide the question after supper," said Wallace, "as we certainly shall not start to-night on this expedition."

The landlord seconding this proposition, they dismounted and entered the inn; and Pierre, who had lingered when he saw them approaching, drew nearer.

"You will remember me," he said, "in case the gentlemen need a guide in this expedition."

Godwin reappeared as he spoke. He overheard him, and, beckoning to Pierre, he said:

"I am in want of a guide."

"This is a worthy young man," said the inn-keeper. "He comes of a good stock, and has been trained for the mountains from youth, and so was his father and grandfather before him."

"He will suit," said Godwin. "We start to-morrow."

Pierre hesitated.

"What is it?" he added. "I will make the usual terms."

"The way is perilous; the season is early. You are the first travelers who have thought of ascending the mountain."

"Make it twice the sum," said Godwin, carelessly, picking up the fiddle at his feet, and scraping the strings with the bow, which the owner had not yet been able to regain.

"And now for supper, and a night's rest before our jaunt to-morrow."

Pierre's heart bounded with joy at this unexpected stroke of good luck; and with light footsteps he retraced the path, and stood again by the home of his betrothed.

"You were right, my dear Christine," he exclaimed. "This trip will bring me a large sum—more than we will need for the present; and if the gentlemen visit *le mer de glace*, we will be all the more fortunate for a longer separation."

"*Le mer de glace!*" echoed Christine, her face growing a shade paler.

"Calm every fear," he replied, inspired with new confidence, when he saw her weakness. "We go to Martigny; and who will be the wiser if a roll of dark-blue cloth comes back with me. Blue—shall it be blue, Christine?"

She dashed aside a tear from her bright, dark eye. "I will go to the Virgin's shrine every morn and every night, and pray for your safe return. And, Pierre, blue—it is the Virgin's color."

"Yes; it shall be dark-blue, and serve as a wedding garment."

They parted; he returned to the inn, made the necessary arrangements for starting the following morning, Pierre promising to engage the services of another guide, and meet the

party at daybreak, at the bridge that crosses the Arveron.

The tourists were English; and, though they spoke French, their speech betrayed them. Godwin, the most adventurous of the three, had determined to ascend Mont Blanc as far, if not further, than any person who had made the attempt. Before leaving England, his companions had agreed to accompany him; but now in the country, where the difficulties loomed up before them, and realizing more fully the perils of the undertaking, they hesitated in carrying out their original intention. But when, the following morning, the sun rose clear and bright, and the lofty dome shining resplendent in its dazzling, pinnacled heights, Godwin became more determined to scale them, if possible.

The party, with mules, and another guide procured by Pierre, met at the bridge at an early hour, and crossing Arveron, ascended up the mountain by an exceedingly rough path, a distance of eight miles, until they reached the lofty promontory, known as the Montauverb, where there is a chateau. The morning promising a fine, clear day, quite a party had gathered there for refreshment. This place being the limit of their ambition, they intended to return, going down by the other side; only the party under Pierre's guidance purposing a higher ascent, as few of the many thousands who visit the Alpine regions dare to venture upon a more adventurous excursion, that endangers the lives of travelers, as well as guides, who usually are urged on by the hope of gaining larger sums for this hazardous service.

Wallace and Meredith used every argument in their power in order to dissuade Godwin, who, despite persuasion and predictions of danger, obstinately persisted in the execution of his original plan.

An angry discussion followed, which was only interrupted by the appearance of a fog, which completely enveloped the mountain, hiding the landscape effectually, and quickly settling the question for that day. A heavy fall of rain succeeded the mist and vapor, and the robe of dark clouds hanging over the mountain heights precluded all hope of their excursion at that time.

"Every appearance of a rainy day," said Wallace, cheerfully, looking out on the dismal prospect, as the vapor became denser, or, drifting away at times, revealed the gloomy features of the landscape, as it rose in great fleecy clouds. "I, for one, vote that we abandon our plan in toto; and, a little later in the season, do the Pass of St. Gothard, the old monks of St. Bernard—"

"And throw in the Mer de Glace in place of the ascent of Mont Blanc," interrupted Meredith.

"My time is too precious to waste here waiting on the freaks of the weather," said Godwin, impatiently; and the discussion was renewed, each unwilling to give up his opinion. Godwin obstinately refusing to relinquish the chief object of his journey, they appealed to Pierre. Loth to sacrifice the sum promised for his services, a thought connected with Christine flashed across his mind.

"Gentlemen," said Pierre, "we can not make the ascent to-day. The fair is held at Martigny this month; if you care to see it, return there; and, by delaying a day or two longer, we may secure clear weather."

"So be it; it is decided," cried Meredith joyfully, to whom a village fair now presented more attractions than the cloud-capped heights of Mont Blanc. Wallace willingly assented, and Godwin at last yielded.

The rains and melted snow had swollen the numerous mountain torrents. Rushing with fury along the sides, they dashed down fearful rocky heights, and precipitated into unknown caverns below; and the dark and frightful ravines, piles of misshapen, wild rocks, yawning chasms, divested of the charm which sunlight and clear weather had given them, effectually subdued all ambitious desires in the breasts of the two younger of the English tourists, as they descended the rough path, and turned toward Martigny.

Here a day was spent at the fair in sight-seeing; Pierre purchasing, with a portion of his money, a roll of dark-blue cloth, which he endeavored carefully to conceal under his blouse, thinking of Christine, his betrothed, who, at that moment, perhaps, was praying that her lover might be kept faithful, and be brought safely home again.

"It is the Virgin's color," repeated Pierre to himself, as he succeeded in hiding the roll; for, fifty years ago, smuggling from Savoy into Switzerland was a very common offense; and weighed as lightly on the conscience of a Swiss guide as it now does on that of any American traveler, who returns from a European tour with trunks heavily laden with articles, upon which he has succeeded in evading the lawful duty.

Meredith and Wallace in vain tried to alter Godwin's determination to return for the ascent of Mont Blanc. Every argument failing, a compromise was at last effected, in which they all agreed. They fixed a certain number of hours for the journey. Beyond the point reached at the end of that time, Wallace and Meredith

refused to accompany their companion, who, with great reluctance consenting, determined to get over the greatest space possible in the given time.

On a clear, bright day, with all the necessary equipments, Alpine stocks in hand, the two guides and three tourists started on their expedition.

"It would have been wiser to have secured another guide," said Wallace, as they left the more frequented path, and struck out where only the most daring and boldest venture.

"Perhaps so," said Meredith, who followed the second guide; "though I fancy a false step here or there would leave little for them to do. Our poles are our best friends here."

"Pierre is a silent fellow," added Wallace. "The weight of the everlasting hills chains his tongue. Sure-footed, steady-headed, but not always over-silent, he told me last night of Christine, his betrothed, a Bernese maiden, and showed me the roll which he carries in his hands now; for we are out of the reach of officials here; and he is an ambitious fellow. Instead of being content with wearing the coat which his father and grandfather wore before him, he is coming out in a span new bridal suit."

Meredith made no answer. The difficulties in their way increasing every moment, absorbed entire attention; and silence fell over the party, as they toiled on laboriously, not daring to look above or below, until a certain point was attained.

"The Martigny fair, with its peasants and frolic, with a fare of tasteless butter, goat's-milk cheese, and honey, was pleasanter than this spicy sight-seeing," muttered Wallace, panting for breath, and clinging to his Alpine stock as to a sheet-anchor, as he struck it heavily in the deep snow.

Suddenly Pierre, who headed the line of march, paused, bringing up the party to a full stop.

"We can go no further," shouted Wallace, with alacrity. "Then let us descend. This will last me a lifetime."

Pierre took off his hat; he put his hand to his head; and a moment after said, plaintively:

"My head is dizzy; the fever has left me unsteady."

"That is, you refuse to conduct us further," said Godwin, angrily. "I stand by my agreement. Return now, and you sacrifice the sum I have promised."

Pierre's face flushed, his indignation served to clear away the mists from his brain. Without speaking, he struck out again, and resumed the

line of march, while the others silently followed him.

"That dodge did not work, my good fellow," said Godwin, significantly.

"I wish to heaven it had," exclaimed Wallace, fervently; "for then I might have backed out from this expedition with better grace."

A few moments after, Pierre turned, intending to cross obliquely for a certain point, when suddenly the snow gave way beneath his feet, carrying the party with it to the left, and throwing them off their feet. Wallace struggled to regain his footing, and was on his knees, when, in a few seconds, the snow from the right rushed into the gap thus suddenly made, and completed the catastrophe by burying all of the party immediately in the mass, hurrying them with it, in its downward descent, toward two crevasses which they had passed some time before in their line of march. In spite of his struggles, Wallace was thrown backward, and carried rapidly down, still using every exertion to free himself from the accumulation of snow, and succeeding in emerging, more from the subsidence of the velocity of the falling mass than from his own violent efforts at extrication. His pole was forced from his hand; it was lying near the edge of the crevasse; and, looking around him, a jest was on his lips as he saw the guide, just above him, striving to disentangle himself from the drifts that surrounded him.

"I wonder how Godwin fancies this style of descent," he said; "I would have been more grateful if it had landed me where we started. Halloo, Meredith! Godwin!" he called, looking around him, an awful feeling stealing over him, as no answer broke the solemn stillness.

The guide came nearer.

"Where are they—where are the others?" cried Wallace.

The man pointed to the crevasse. It was nearly filled with snow. Wallace shuddered. He remembered he had remarked its depth in passing; but still inclined to take a ludicrous view of the downfall, he shouted the names of his friends, and the mountain echoes only replied.

"They are lost men," said the guide, gravely, pointing again to the crevasse. "That is very deep."

"They may be saved; we must not leave them," said Wallace, as a conviction of the truth was forced upon him.

A nearer view confirmed it. Pierre, Godwin, and Meredith had been carried down with greater rapidity, to a greater distance, from a higher slope, and hurried into the chasm, which was now filled almost to the brink. Pierre, with great presence of mind, had thrust his pole into

the firm snow beneath; the pole remained, and he was swept away.

It was long before Wallace abandoned all hope; for the guide, from the first, had pronounced them lost, though both exhausted themselves in fruitless efforts in fathoming the loose snow with their poles, and even venturing in the crevasse. Fortunately it did not give way beneath their weight, and they continued there some time, making every effort for the recovery of their poor companions. Thrusting in their poles at full length, kneeling down and applying their mouths at the end, shouting along them, and then listening in vain for an answer, in the fond hope that they might still be alive, sheltered by some projection of the icy walls of the crevasse. But no assurance came; all was silent as the grave. And Wallace, with the guide, retraced his steps, the young Englishman shuddering as he looked up to the shining heights of Mont Blanc pointing to the clouds, as if to teach man that heaven itself must be reached by the mortal who dares to scale its lofty summit.

In the mean time Christine prayed morning and night for the safe return of Pierre, until the appearance of Wallace with the surviving guide caused a scene of the deepest distress in the village of Chamouny, and turned her hopes into the depth of sorrow and grief; and though the inhabitants of the village saw the mountain daily rising, as a stern warning that man should not investigate where nature has set her seal of defiance, the accident, with all its terrors, came home to them all as a new, startling, and unforeseen calamity.

Wallace immediately hurried away from a scene where he was constantly reminded of the disaster; and at home, in England, after recovering from the first shock caused by the fate of his unfortunate friends, as time passed on, the recollection of his ascent of Mont Blanc was remembered as a frightful nightmare. The villagers, also, talked and wept over the lost for a while; but newly recurring events, as years glided on, swept away the impression of the accident which had shipwrecked at least one heart; and Pierre's name and memory were almost obliterated, and became incorporated as a legend of the valley.

Christine lived on, under the shadow of the mighty mountain where her lover slept encased in his icy mausoleum. She thought of him always as he appeared the day he parted from her; in her heart his image was young, handsome, and hopeful, as when the ill-fated party left the village, he so certain of returning in safety and bearing away his bride.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty years passed by, leaving their marks upon Christine. Her straight form bent with labor and age, and her long black, braided hair became white and scanty, never being hidden under the matron's cap; for Christine, though sought in marriage, refused every offer, and still clung to the memory of her lost lover; and daily, morning and evening, offered her prayers at the Virgin's shrine for the peace and rest of his soul, with the superstition of her faith, praying as earnestly for the lost as she had for the living.

Forty years rolled away. May gladdened with its sky and sunshine the valley, the flowers peeped out from the Winter snow, grass gladdened the heart of man and beast, and the foaming streams bounded joyfully down the sides of the mountain, released from the thrall of Winter; every object in nature reminded Christine of the May-time, when she was young, hopeful, and happy, as she left the cottage which had been bequeathed her by her aunt, to offer her usual prayers at the Virgin's shrine.

As she kneeled, she heard the buzz of voices, and then some one called her by name. As she rose from her knees, an old man approached and offered her his hand, saying:

"Come, Christine, you are wanted; the town authorities are seeking you."

It was William, the blacksmith, who spoke. She took his hand, and together they walked through the street of the village, a large crowd of curious people and children joining them as they passed along. William was an old man, and Jacqueline, whose feet kept time with his to the sound of the rustic music on her bridal day, had long since passed away. Out of all the gay procession that had gladdened the village, these two old people alone remembered distinctly that wedding day, and could recall the figure of Pierre, the lost guide.

With other signs of the olden time, the old inn had been demolished; a newer and more commodious place of entertainment, for man and beast, had been erected, and around the door of this building a large crowd had collected, and, from unmistakable signs, one could have known that public interest was highly wrought upon.

"Christine, my old friend," said William, tenderly, as the group made way for them to approach, "my poor girl, the mountain has given up its dead."

"Has it sent Pierre back to me? It was on a gay Spring day that we parted," said Christine, in a low, passive tone of voice.

"It has sent Pierre back to you, and we are

called upon by the authorities to identify the body."

Stretched upon a bench before them was the body of a young man, clad in the coarse linen blouse worn by guides fifty years ago. The dress was preserved, the features natural and ruddy; but his eyes had fallen from their lifeless sockets; beside the body lay a roll of dark-blue cloth.

Christine looked once. Giving a wild shriek, she fell senseless on the ground by the side of her lover, Pierre. The glacier had restored his body; the mountain had yielded its prey, after an absence of forty years, held in its icy grasp.

No other identification was necessary; no other questions asked by the authorities; and the body of Pierre, the lost guide, was interred with due ceremonies, hundreds flocking to the funeral of a man who had been dead forty years; preserved in his icy sarcophagus until the slow motion of the great glacier had gradually brought the lifeless, frozen body to the track of the chamois-hunter.

Christine survived the shock only a few days. She died, and was buried in the same grave. In the Summer, flowers and the green grass cover it; then the bee hums there, and the bird sings a love-song over it. But day and night, through the brief Alpine summer, as well as through the long Winter, the shadow of Mont Blanc, reaching from earth to heaven, falls upon their grave.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS.

PUBLIC opinion is unquestionably ripening toward a great change in the relation of woman toward society. The fact is becoming recognized, that that relation is abnormal and unjust. It is being felt that woman is excluded from the exercise of her due influence upon the great questions of the day—questions which often profoundly affect her most vital interests. The elevation of woman to her true position, as the equal and helpmate of man, will aid in the solution of some of the most difficult social problems of the times; will readjust some of the most important relationships of life, now sadly dislocated; and will give an impulse to society upon a higher plane of progress. It will diffuse a purer atmosphere, a more ethereal air, a loftier ethical sentiment, through every sphere of human activity; will speed the world

to the nobler age to be, and divest the social aspects of the times of much of their coarseness, vulgarity, and vice.

The subject of female education is one of the irrepressible questions of the times, demanding more and more urgently, every year, a practical solution. There is in this country, in its numerous colleges and universities, ample provision for the higher education of young men; but that for the higher education of young women is very inadequate, and what there is, is very expensive. The much-enduring paterfamilias groans in spirit, as he reads, with rueful visage, the formidable bills, with their interminable list of extras, from the aristocratic establishment of Madame Superbe or Monsieur Magnifique; and frequently finds that his daughters acquire, in return for this lavish outlay, only a few shallow accomplishments and a smattering of half a dozen ologies. If, in the frequent reverses of fortune that take place in every commercial community, or by the more frequent bereavement by death, these daughters of luxury were forced to grapple with the stern realities of life, and wring the means of subsistence as they best could from the unwilling hands of fate, their superfine accomplishments and high-sounding acquirements would generally be found of little service to keep the wolf of want from the door.

The common-school system of America, with its co-education of the sexes, is confessedly the glory of the country and the admiration of the world; but still it does not go far enough. What is wanted, is the carrying out of this system in its entirety in the highest institutions in the land. Many of our colleges throw open their halls without distinction to both sexes; but many others, and those of the foremost rank, do not. The fact is, our girls do not have the same chance to develop their intellect that boys have. Are we to infer that they are mentally inferior to the other sex? The old and threadbare saw which asserts that they are, has been disproved a thousand times. Give them equal opportunities, and they will climb, step for step with their brothers, up the steep slopes of learning. Women have not degenerated since the days of Hypatia or Olympia Morata. Our Margaret Fullers and Harriet Stowes and Maria Mitchells exhibit powers of mind as strong as woman ever did. We believe with Mill, that intellect is of no sex. Doubtless there are differences between the opposite sexes, but so there are between persons of the same sex.

But nowadays girls are surrounded with an amount of repression and of social routine, through which few have the courage to break,

Let one of themselves, Tennyson's sweet Lelia,
speak for her sex:

"Convention beats them down;
It is but bringing up; no more than that:
You men have done it; how I hate you all!
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O, I wish
That I were some great princess; I would build,
Far off from men, a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We girls are twice as quick!"

They are restricted in the pursuit of knowledge; and then, for want of something better to engage their attention, they devote themselves, with an absorbing passion, to dress and amusement. They take refuge from *ennui* in frivolity and fashion. In a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, a Belgravian lady, who styles herself "A Girl of the Period," tries to excuse her sex for their devotion to pleasure and flirtation for the reason that there is absolutely nothing else to interest their minds. Their education, in the large and philosophic meaning of the word, she confesses, has been neglected. They have no taste and no facilities for systematic study; and even the sensation novels pall upon the satiated appetite. For district visiting and ragged-school teaching they have no vocation; and paid visitors and teachers can do the work better. So, no resource is left, they think, but a life of fashionable folly. They seek relief from the dreary vacuity of an aimless existence in marriage, or failing this, and sometimes in preference to it, in the natural recoil to the religious austerities of a convent. This mental lassitude, this intolerable *ennui*, is inseparable from a life of selfish pleasure, and may possibly be found in fashionable young ladydom in America. Any mental stimulus and intellectual employment would be hailed as a boon by many a noble girl, who feels that she is wasting her life and neglecting the culture of her God-given powers. The throwing open of all the colleges of the country to women as well as men, would be the best and simplest solution of the difficulty. Separate colleges for women, according to the plan of Tennyson's "Princess," would not serve the purpose so well; for though

"Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,"

yet the co-education of the sexes would tend, in a higher degree, to ennoble and dignify the character of both. If the sexes are to live together in all the relationships of life, why separate them during the four years of college discipline, when their influence upon each other is even more necessary than at any other time?

The presence of the ladies in the dining-hall, in the class-rooms, and in the parlors, would impart a tone of refinement to the manners and of purity to morals; it would give a stimulus to industry, and inspire a chivalry of character not likely to be otherwise obtained.

It is a frequent occurrence for travelers from the courtly circles of Paris and London, where social etiquette is elaborated into a fine art, to sneer at the manners of American men, even of educated men, as unpolished and uncouth; while they give American women, even when uneducated, credit for an ease and gracefulness of manner which enables them to shine as queens of society. Much of this may be due to the monastic seclusion of young men while at college. The effort is being made to give more of a family character to college life; but that effort must be in vain while the especial influence which gives purity and refinement to family life is carefully excluded.

At a late meeting of the British Association at Norwich, Miss Becker read a remarkable paper which she has since published, urging the opening of all educational institutions to women on the same terms as to men. The *London Times* was aghast with horror at the proposal, as though it would disorganize society, and utterly demoralize the youth of the country. But these dreaded results have not occurred in America, where the system has been most largely carried out. There are in the United States no less than twenty-nine colleges conducted upon this principle. Many of them have a thousand students, and they are generally well endowed.

This system has been practiced for over forty years in the West, and is yearly growing in favor. The Legislature of Kansas has decreed that, henceforth, all schools and colleges in the state shall be open to women on the same terms as to men. The excellences of the co-educational system are procuring its introduction into the Eastern States, where the European plan has hitherto principally obtained. In no case has the educational standard been lowered to suit the "weaker capacities" of the young ladies; and they are found fully equal to the men in all the departments of study. Each sex is stimulated to industry by the presence of the other. The students meet freely in the dining-halls, class-rooms, and parlors; but the dormitories are in separate buildings. The universal testimony of visitors, patrons, and professors is, that in refinement and morals they are vastly superior to those institutions where either sex is excluded.

The Hon. Horace Mann, sometime member

of the United States Congress, founder of the public school system of New England, and the most eminent educator in America, was for many years President of Antioch College, Ohio, for both sexes. He bears the highest testimony to the good behavior and moral character of the young men. They do not, it is true, assert their manhood by smoking, drinking, swearing, and talking slang, or by painting the professor's horse sky-blue; they are not pre-eminent at billiards or horse-trots; but they are not thought less manly on that account.

"There is no rowdiness in the village," says Horace Mann; "no nocturnal rambles, making night hideous. All is quiet, peaceful; and the women of the village feel the presence of our students, when met in the streets in the evening, to be a protection rather than an exposure. In five years, I have had no 'practical joke' or 'college prank,' as they are called, played upon me; not one."

With respect to the ladies, Mrs. Mann remarks: "In American society the freedom of intercourse between the young has ever been found compatible with virtue, in striking contrast with the system of repression that exists in the older societies of the world, even of modern Europe."

We do not know that the tone of morals in the United States is inferior to that in Spain or Italy, where the girls are immured in convents, and educated under the pious care of chaste nuns; while it is a matter of fact, that the nimble wit and acute intellect of American women are a subject of remark by European visitors. No student at these Colleges is allowed to marry while attending the institution; but if an attachment arising from daily intimate intercourse, surviving a probation of from one to four years, terminate in marriage, such union will be more likely to prove a happy one, than where the young, fresh from the monastic seclusion of the separate colleges, rush headlong into matrimony, with no more knowledge of each other's character than is gained at a Summer picnic or in a crowded ball-room.

A general and simultaneous movement is taking place throughout the civilized world, in the direction of larger and more liberal provision for the intellectual development of woman. In England, the Cambridge local examinations for girls are an effort to supply a want felt in the community. They arose from a co-operative movement of certain girls' schools in the northern counties, to secure superior instruction in the higher branches of education. Several gentlemen of acknowledged reputation, most of whom were fellows of the ancient universities

of Cambridge or Oxford, engaged to give systematic courses of lectures and examinations, to be accompanied by private reading on science, literature, history, and philosophy. These lectures have been delivered at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, York, Newcastle, Bradford, and elsewhere. They have been attended by an aggregate of fifteen hundred young ladies, as many as the number of students at Oxford. A similar scheme has been adopted in Edinburgh. Several of the distinguished professors of the university of that city have given courses of lectures to classes numbering as high as two hundred and sixty-five young ladies, a large proportion of whom passed creditable examinations in the various subjects, on the same terms as the university men.

They were not mere school-girls that attended these lectures; but were mostly beyond the school age, ranging from twenty-two to thirty-four years, and many of them were employed as governesses or teachers. Similar courses have also been delivered by the professors of Glasgow, and of Queen's College, Belfast. They serve to establish a common standard of education; and their awards are an authoritative guarantee of its having been attained. They show, too, that girls are eager to avail themselves of any literary advantage placed within their reach; that they are not at all inferior to boys in acquiring knowledge, and, indeed, that in mathematics and the exact sciences, they are much more keen and clever.

In France, a similar movement has taken place, and in some fifty towns in the departments the collegiate lectures to young men have been repeated, under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, to large and appreciative audiences of young women. A desire for the higher education of women is one of the most hopeful indications of the quickened national life of Italy, and doubtless the same desire will promote the regeneration of emancipated Spain. Already, in Poland, the University of Warsaw is opened for women as well as men.

The time has passed when woman should shrink from science as from vice, as was urged by the amiable Fenelon. No culture can be too wide, too rich and varied, for her sublime and hallowed mission. The first Napoleon, when asked what was the great need of France, replied, "Mothers." And he was right. The great need of the world is women who can worthily wear, as the queenliest dignity of life, the hallowed name of mother; lifting it high above the defilement of earth, making it a potent spell, a sacred talisman, at whose whis-

pered utterance temptation and sin shall lose their power. Mothers may write upon that living palimpsest, a child's heart, lessons of undying wisdom, that not all the vile chirography of sin can ever quite cover or efface—lessons that often, in after years, will flash forth in all their original vividness and power. In standing by a child's cradle, they stand nearest to the vital forces which may change the character and mold the destiny of the age. They may lay their hands upon the hidden springs of action, which, more powerful than the Archimedian lever, may move the world. Their sublime work is not, as has been ignobly said, "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," but to nurse heroic souls, and send them forth to the stern battle of life with the Spartan mother's mandate, "Victory or death" (*ἡ τάν ἢ ἐπὶ τάν*)!

The system of literary and scientific lectures above described, might be adopted in the United States with infinite advantage to a large class of the community. There is hardly a lyceum or mechanics' institute in the land—and their name is legion—that might not organize a course of instruction for ladies that would be at once popular and profitable. The hundred colleges and literary institutions of the country would furnish an ample staff of professors, many of whom are of wide renown in their various departments. But the teaching should be of the very best; no humdrum, dry, tedious Professor Leatherhead need try to instruct the nimble wits of wide-awake Yankee girls. They will want a live man, with keen sympathies, active powers, and a deep insight into the subjects he treats. Girls are constitutionally weaker than boys, and can not stand the same continued application; yet at boarding-schools they frequently have ten or twelve hours of study a day. The plan here suggested would only require two or three.

But a great many parents, and, perhaps, some girls, will inquire: "Cui bono? What is the use of all this study? What good will it do? All a woman's education is worth," they will say, "is to enable her to make her market in life, to win a prize in the lottery of marriage; and for this purpose a few brilliant accomplishments have more attraction than all your heavy learning." We repudiate the idea that female education is only a lure to the gilded bower of matrimony. It has nobler and sublimer ends than this,—the development of the noblest part of her nature, the intellect; the expansion and culture of all the powers and faculties with which woman is endowed. But even if marriage were the sole end and golden goal of life, in our complex modern society, a large and,

probably, with the growth of population, an increasingly large number of women must remain unmarried. A superior education would furnish a perpetual fund of rational enjoyment, increased opportunities for usefulness, and often a means of support to those condemned to a life of spinster solitude.

And even in the important matter of winning a husband, it is brains that win after all. Men are charmed by women of sprightly intellect and nimble wit more than by brilliant execution on the piano, exquisite flower-painting, or most graceful dancing, if accompanied by rapid conversation and childish imbecility of mind. We need not say how superior the intellectual qualities are in commanding that respect without which no true love is possible, and in retaining the affections of men when the honeymoon spell of glamour has passed. It has been said that clever men often marry silly women, because they can not find sensible ones. Let that reproach of womanhood, if true in any degree, be forever taken away. Let woman aspire to her rightful position as the true regent of society. Let her seek to ennoble the character of the age, to mold the fashion of the time, after a purer and loftier ideal than the world has yet seen realized. Let her not outrage her entire sex by frivolity and sloth, but endeavor to elevate it to a loftier plane of being, and a wider sphere of influence. And let her sway the heart of man, not merely by her charms of person and graces of manner, but by the more potent spell of intellectual power and moral goodness.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN the year of grace 1850, I dug gold in California, right in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. Men had wondrous adventures in those days; and not a few who sought for El Dorado, in that year, might be able to tell a worse tale of hardship than mine.

I and my "partner," a tall, manly Kentuckian, who was afterward a general in the Confederate army, and is buried before Vicksburg, had struck upon a profitable stream, pretty far in the mountains, and turned out, with varying success, a good many golden ounces before Winter began to close in. In the north the frost destroys all chance of mining in Winter, unless in very deep shafts; the whole ground being frozen to the depth of several feet, leaving out of account the miserable nature of the work—messaging in icy streams. But in California, owing to the dryness of the Summer, the

Winter supply of water renders that season the most suitable for the gold-digger's purpose.

My partner, who, like all his race, was fond of amusement, would like to have taken a run to the "bay," and knocked about San Francisco, the wonders of which, since we had last seen it, the new-comers were never tired of describing in glowing language. Our claim, however, was just then turning out better than ever; and he had half persuaded himself to remain, when a fall which I had on the mountain so sprained a wrist and ankle as to render me incapable of moving about for some weeks at least. This settled my friend; and at odd times, now and then, he would "cozete," or poke about in holes for gold, sometimes bringing in a nugget, and sometimes a rich lot of quartz; regular labor, without any assistance, being difficult. Often enough he would sit whole days talking to me, as I lay weary on my straw palliasse by the fire. He had to do all the cooking and household work besides, and most cheerily did the excellent fellow do it; though, down in old "Kentuck," his father was proprietor of the souls and bodies of—I am afraid to say how many "niggers." True, our establishment was not large. Clay—that was my partner's Christian name—and I had built it in the space of a week, not working very hard either. It might be about twelve feet square, built of rough logs, and with a door made with the ax, swinging on hinges forged out of a pair of old mining-boots, and with a lock which we used to style "Clay's Patent." Yet it contained, besides our valuable selves and a nice lot of mining tools, a matter of three thousand dollars in gold-dust, buried in the floor just under the fire-place. We built it under the lee of a huge overhanging rock, not only for shelter, but to make up for any short-comings in the roof, which, I must confess, was rather a shaky concern. The mud chimney was solely Clay's architecture. Window it had none; but we had a good supply of train-oil, which we had bought cheap at an auction, down in the nearest mining town. So in Winter, we calculated to have light enough, while in Summer we sat outside the door until it was dark, and then turned into bunk. It was in a beautiful valley, with *our* stream—creek, we called it—running past the door, and snowy mountains and pine-forests all around.

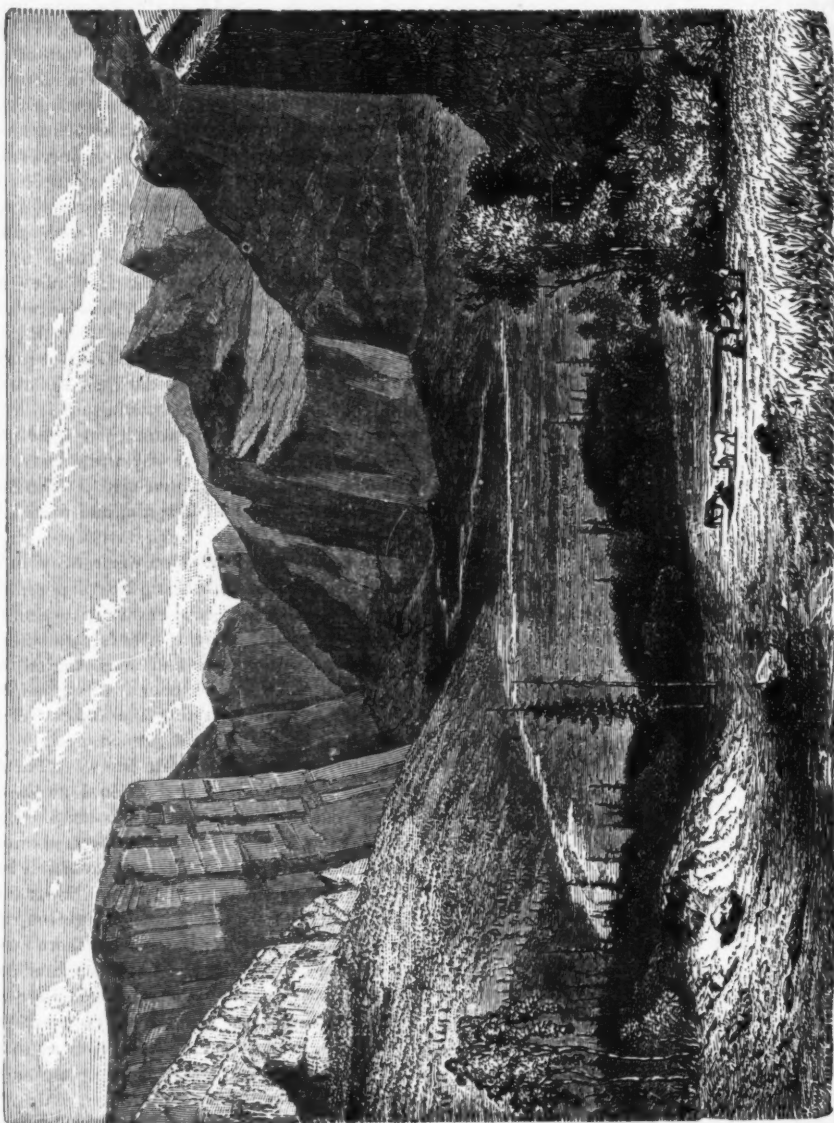
Altogether, as we surveyed it, after our work was finished, we unanimously concluded that "Profino Hall," as we dubbed it, was something of a credit to the architects. To resume. As Winter closed in, snow began to fall heavily in the mountains, and little work could be done. My sprained limbs still kept me to my bed, and

while the snow fell uninterruptedly outside, Clay would sit yawning or writing a long letter to the "old folks in Kentuck," portions of which he would read to me as he finished them; and I must say I have read many less amusing literary productions. On the second day he looked outside, and reported that it had ceased snowing and the sky looked clear, but that the snow was near about four feet deep, which was almost half the height of our cabin. To add to our discomforts, he intimated that after making a survey of our provisions, we had n't more than would put us through until to-morrow morning. The result of this was that he occupied the rest of the day in making a rough pair of snow-shoes and a little hand-sledge, with which he announced his intention of going to the store, which was distant some four miles, and the nearest hut station, for a new supply of provisions. Next morning, he started after breakfast, promising to be back that evening. The house was now quite dark, so he left the lamp burning beside me, with a supply of oil within reach. With my wonderful faculty for passing time in sleep, the day wore away, and I awoke, as I thought, about night. The lamp had gone out, but I lit it again, and filled it up with oil.

The accumulated snow on our roof, with the last few hours of sunshine, had slid off, but now I could see it was snowing again; for through the chinks in the boards the flakes of snow were falling, and had accumulated in a tiny wreath across the floor. I was amused for some time in watching the flakes falling; but soon that amusement was stopped by the roof getting covered with snow. Then I dropped asleep again, and when I awoke the oil was getting low down in the lamp. From this I knew that I must have slept about six hours, for old experience taught us that a lamp full just lasted about eight hours. What could have become of Clay? I was now getting hungry—in fact, ravenous; but I knew there was no food in the house; the last had been finished at breakfast. Still I thought he must be here very soon. In the mean time, a rat or two, which somehow or other had found their way to our hospitable mansion, afforded me amusement. One big, grayish-looking patriarch, which had so long eluded our trap that we called him the "old soldier," would cautiously creep out to see if any crumbs had been left at the fireside, or to snap up the bacon-rind which was lying in the ashes. My revolver was hanging above my head, and taking a steady aim at him, I was fortunate enough to lay him dead on his back. Warned by the fate of the "old soldier," no

more appeared. But (trifles go a long way in the Sierras) I chuckled at the astonishment Clay would indulge in when he saw our old enemy prostrate. But there were no signs of Clay yet. Then I laid about me, wondering what had kept him. Would it be the snow?

No; it could n't be that. He was n't such a "missey" customer as to be scared by a shower of snow! One thing after another was thought of, and as speedily dismissed; until finally, with the usual changeableness of the human heart, I quite made up my mind that my part-



VIEW IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

ner had met with a number of cronies, like-minded with himself, at Diggerburg, and was spending his time drinking whisky and playing "cut-throat poker." That was just it! Twelve months' intimate acquaintance with my friend might have taught me how ridiculous was this

notion of his thoughtlessness and selfishness; but at the time, my ill-nature and peevishness, induced by pain and hunger, never allowed me time to think of that.

I had now, however, a grievance, and, after the manner of ill-used men, felt more comforta

ble than I had done before. Inspired by this charitable feeling toward my companion, I limped up at the risk of dislocating my foot, and hopped round to where our store of provisions used to be kept, to see if there was any thing eatable. I was, however, disappointed—there was nothing. I then broke the ice on the water-bucket, and took a drink. This only sharpened my appetite, and with a delight impossible to describe, I recollected that there was yet some bacon-rind lying among the wood-ashes of the fire. Instantly fired by this great discovery, it was looked for and snapped up. This only made me worse, when I noticed the body of the "old soldier" lying close by. It required but a very few minutes to skin and disembowel him. I tried roasting his limbs by the lamp; but finding this a slow process, I devoured him raw, and I do not think I ever tasted any thing more delicious. I felt now a little quieter in the stomach, and was thinking how I could supply myself with more food. Just then I was startled by a dull, leaden sound overhead, several times repeated, and then all was quiet. A moment's reflection enabled me to guess my position. The house was thoroughly snowed up, and this was an avalanche from the mountain behind the house, which the shelving rock had enabled to slide over it, leaving the roof almost uninjured. My feelings now became uncontrollable; for I was convinced that either Clay had been lost in the snow, or that the house was so snowed up that he had been unable to find it again. As it turned out, the latter was the case. Notwithstanding my sprained limbs, I managed to drag the table into the middle of the floor, thinking to remove a portion of the roof, in the hope that perhaps the snow might then fall inward, and enable me, at least, to let in the light of day. But just as I had succeeded in giving a blow or two with the ax, the table overturned, and I was precipitated to the floor with my dislocated ankle-joint. The pain was excruciating; but I was fully conscious of my situation. Giving up the task, I again dragged myself to my bed, and lay down. There was a closeness in the atmosphere; but I could breathe quite freely enough under the snow, as has been experienced by others in the same condition, and the place was not nearly so cold as it usually was without a fire. By and by the pain in my ankle got deadened, but the limb swelled much. Without assistance I could, however, do nothing. I was almost in despair; for I now knew that the hut was completely buried in the snow, and that my friend had, perhaps, been lost; so that no one would, in all likelihood, visit the

hut until it was too late. It was different from another hungry experience I had had in the streets of San Francisco years before. Then I knew, if the worst came to the worst, I should not die; it was only a question of how long my pride would allow me to hold out. Pride now had nothing to do with it, and the question of holding out was limited to the few days I could live. I am not ashamed to say that, under these circumstances, I turned my head and wept bitter tears. If my arms and legs had been all well, I might, with the mining tools, soon have dug my way out by the door; but in my present condition it was next to impossible; and even then to drag myself over the deep snow for four miles was out of the question. I might as well remain and die here. I filled the lamp, and lay down again; for I was beginning to feel cold. I must again have slept a long time; for when I awoke the lamp was out. By this time the snow had descended the chimney, and was piled in a great wreath on the hearth, and things looked as dreary as they well could. I now thought that I might be able to subsist on the store of train-oil we had, and, urged on by my gnawing appetite, I swallowed a mouthful. I had, however, miscalculated the strength of my stomach, for I almost immediately vomited it. It was very rancid; still I tried again and again, but repeatedly failed to retain it.

I now made another effort to dig myself out. Opening the door, a wall of firm snow met my gaze. Into this I pushed long mining shovels and crowbars, until my strength failed me. We had only a few ounces of gunpowder in the house, and even if we had more, I found myself so weak that I could not use it. Faint and exhausted I lay down on the clay floor, unable to move. Meanwhile I heard the same dull, leaden sounds as before. Were they more avalanches, or was the snow melting off our house? Crawling across the floor, I drew my blanket over me, determined to wait the end. Just then a scrap of newspaper caught my eye. It had been wrapped round some groceries, and had been tossed about the floor unnoticed until now. A word or two claimed my attention, and though I would fain not have read, I could not resist the temptation. It was a piece of the *California Star*, and related the horrible sufferings of a party of emigrants from the Eastern States, whom the snows in these very mountains had overtaken. It was one of the most harrowing incidents in all Californian history, and I perused it with a double interest; for I had been one of the rescue party who had saved the remnant from death, and my name was frequently mentioned on the scrap.

A more shocking scene can not be imagined than that witnessed by the party of men who went to the relief of these unfortunate people. The bones of those who had died, and been devoured by the miserable ones that still survived, were lying around their tents and cabins. Bodies of men, women, and children, with half the flesh torn from them, lay on every side. A woman sat by the side of the body of her husband, who had just died, cutting out his tongue; the heart she had already taken out, broiled and eaten! The daughter was seen eating the flesh of the father, the mother that of her children, children that of father and mother! The wild, emaciated, and ghastly appearance of the survivors added to the horror of the scene. Language can not describe the awful change that a few weeks of dire suffering had wrought in the minds of these wretched and pitiable beings. Those who, but one month before, would have shuddered and sickened at the thought of eating human flesh, or of killing their companions and relatives to preserve their own lives, now looked upon the opportunity those acts afforded them as a providential interference on their behalf. Calculations were coldly made, as they sat round their gloomy fire, for the next and succeeding meals. Various expedients were devised to prevent the crime of murder; but they finally resolved to kill those who had the least claims to longer existence.

So changed had the emigrants become, that when we visited them with food, some of them cast it aside, and seemed to prefer the putrid human flesh that still remained. The day before we arrived, one of the emigrants took a child, about four years of age, in bed with him, and devoured the whole before morning, and the next day ate another, about the same age, before noon. These, and even more horrible, statements, were on the scrap of newspaper. I remember, as I finished reading them, being thankful, even in my misery, that I could never be tempted to commit cannibalism; for *I was alone*. I was now scarcely conscious of what was passing. Gradually lapsing into a heavy sleep, I was getting weaker and weaker, but perfectly conscious that I was sinking. All desire for food had left me; I simply felt weak. I had now lost all record of time, and was too faint to keep the lamp going, even had I so cared. At length I was awakened by a sudden stream of light piercing the roof, and I now saw that the snow had slid off. Soon after, the sound of voices became perceptible. Although able to hear the voices, and even distinguish the men, I was perfectly unable to call out.

Indeed, the effort to raise myself was too much for me, and I sank behind on my rough pillow, unable to speak. I could see the roof-boards drawn aside, and a pair of legs descending. I knew the trousers, too, on these legs: they were those of my lost friend Clay. Then more came down—men from the neighboring mining village—Joe Horrocks, of Red-cat Gulch, and Jim Slocum, of Gongo-eye Creek, and several more. I saw poor Clay—honest fellow—standing over me, with the tears running down his cheek, as he glanced round at the signs of my struggle, the overturned table, the tools in the snow-block at the door, and the rat's skin; and could hear him say, "I'm blest if I don't think poor B.'s gone in! No he an't; he's breathing! I see his lips moving! Give us the whisky, Jim!" Then these rough, but soft-hearted, men raised me up and poured some whisky down my throat, which instantly revived me. The snow was shoveled out, and the door opened again.

Soon the fire was lit, and food prepared; but it was long before my stomach would retain the slightest nutriment. Then I heard their story. It was as I expected. The snow had covered the whole valley, and hidden all the familiar landmarks. For days past, they had been searching for the hut; but the snow was so deep that, had it not been for a great snow-slide the day before, they might never have been able to reach me. It was one of the greatest storms that had ever been known in the Sierras. I, at least, am likely ever to remember it. Altogether I had been eight days alone in the cabin.

After the lapse of many years, with what loving gratitude do I remember how they nursed me, like a child, carrying me in their arms across the floor! When I was well enough, they wrapped me up, and made a stretcher of a blanket between two poles, and bore me over the snow, two and two, into Diggerburg; where the comforts of the little hotel of that rough settlement and the aid of a surgeon gradually restored me to health and strength. I had, however, just got about enough of gold-digging, and soon took to a pursuit more to my liking, and with pleasanter associations.

WHAT should it mean that God would have us so diligent and earnest in prayer? Hath he such pleasure in our works? Many talk of prayer and make it a lip-laboring. Praying is not babbling; nor is praying monkery. It is, to miserable folk that are oppressed, a comfort, solace, and a remedy.—*Latimer*.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.

IT is perhaps no more than justice, that the folly of Napoleon III should restore to Germany the empire which his illustrious predecessor had destroyed. The victor of Austerlitz and Jena could not tolerate the existence of united Germany, lest it should menace his safety or prove strong enough to check his vaulting ambition. His successor was not less ambitious, but met with the fate which overtook the silly frog, who attempted to inflate himself to the size of the ox. To his incautious zeal, however, Germany is indebted for the consummation of her long-cherished hope; which, whether it prove a blessing or a failure, marks an era of no small importance to her people.

The student of history will not fail to note the recent and present period of German national life, as the final scene in that long series of dramas and tragedies which have preceded and prepared the way for its introduction, nor withhold the merited applause with which the popular actors are greeted, as each part in the grand play is successfully and artistically executed.

Since 1806, when Francis II of Austria laid down the imperial crown of Rome—which Otho had bequeathed to Germany over eight hundred years before—the whole nation has been passing through a transformation—yearning for unity, and struggling for a national government, but vexed and hindered at every point by the selfishness and jealousy of her petty rulers. Nowhere save in Germany can we find so many traces of the old feudal institutions of Europe in the by-gone centuries; and from this vassalage the people were either unable or unwilling to free themselves. It required that these bonds between the people and their hereditary lords should be severed by a power strong enough to command the obedience of the one and overthrow the other, before Germany could enter upon a true national existence. Nothing but the desire to escape the odious rule of their petty, exacting, and hereditary princes, can account for the readiness with which, in former times, several German provinces allied themselves to France and accepted its rule. It was reserved for Prussia to strike the fetters from the limbs of the nation, and at one blow to overthrow both the enemies from without and within.

Any one who will take the trouble to examine the map of Germany, and note the size and location of many of the small States, which existed for a long time as independent powers, shut in on all sides frequently by the territory of a neighboring State, or rather a surrounding

State, can not fail to be impressed with the absurdity of their condition, and wonder that such relations could have been maintained so long. If some of our Western farmers, who own several thousand acres of land, were to bequeath their possessions to their sons, leaving to one an inheritance lying exactly in the center of a section willed to another, with no means of egress or approach save through that other's land, and subject to such toll as he might chose to levy, the case would approach the condition which has existed for so many years in Germany. The parallel, however, would be incomplete; for, in the one case, the inheritor of the soil is the only interested party; in the other, there are the people who are attached to the land, and whose interests are nearly diametrically opposed to those of the duke or prince who may have inherited the right to rule over them, and be supported in state at their cost. Thus it happened that national unity for the German nation meant the overthrow of the petty governments, the heads of which naturally came to regard the noblest longing of their subjects as rank treason. Nothing but a profound veneration for established customs, and respect for the feudal rights of these princely rulers, could have maintained this anomalous condition; and once, when a popular revolution would have thrown off the yoke of these jealous and superfluous guardians, the movement failed for lack of one who was willing to accept the crown of united Germany from the hands of the people. Nothing else remained but for some strong power to conquer the right to rule over a united Germany; and this right Prussia has acquired, solely by the superiority and strength of her arms, seconded by the sagacity of her Prime Minister, Prince Bismarck.

It is often remarked that, in this world "nothing succeeds like success;" and, if illustrations of this fact were wanting, we might point to the new German Empire as a striking example. Men are prone to forget the means in the glory of the achievement, and laud the successful soldier or diplomat, while closing their eyes to the knavery which was practiced to secure the triumph.

It was only a few months ago that Bismarck was the best hated man in Germany; now every Teutonic tongue in Christendom, from Königsburg to San Francisco, is ready to wag in his praise. It is said that the Crown Prince was one day watching the departure of a large body of emigrants, when a poor man came up to him and said: "If your highness will give me a crown, I will tell you how to stop the emigration."

"Speak," replied the prince, giving him a piece of gold.

"Let the king send Bismarck to America," said the man, "and, I will answer for it, not a Prussian will follow him."

No one can study the history of Germany without being impressed with the fact that the culmination which we have witnessed in our day, is but the logical conclusion of that wonderful course of events which have marked the course of Prussia since the days of Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, in 1640. To him, perhaps, Germany owes the fact of its freedom to-day from priestly rule; and to him may be directly traced the beginning of that independence of Romish restraint which, more than all else, has given Prussia the great advantage over Austria in the long race for preference and power. Protestantism found a home and encouragement under his wise and beneficent protection; and under its liberalizing and quickening influence, the little kingdom, founded by his son and successor, Frederick, in 1701—which was the laughing-stock of Europe, and to which the Pope so seriously objected, and of which the celebrated Prince Eugene said, "The councilors, who recommended the emperor to recognize it, ought to be hung"—has gone on in its wonderful development, until it overtops and overshadows all the rest.

Carlyle has left little to be said of the reigns of the next two kings of Prussia, Frederick William I, and Frederick II, called "the Great." The penurious and severe military habits of the former, his inordinate fondness for tall soldiers—which led to his buying and kidnapping tall men in all parts of Europe, and forcing them into his service—are familiar to every school-boy; while the life of his illustrious son and successor, Frederick the Great, furnishes the largest share of what is known by ordinary readers about German history.

An incident of his early life, however, so well illustrates the arbitrary character of his father's rule—a spirit, indeed, in which the present Prussian Government is by no means wanting—that we venture to reproduce it. The severe military discipline enforced by Frederick William I, was almost unendurable to him, as his tastes were more refined. In proportion as his father abhorred the French language, music, and literature, he became passionately fond of them, and incurred thereby the king's most severe displeasure. This animosity between father and son developed to such an extent that, upon Frederick's being suspected of making an effort to escape to England, he was seized and imprisoned, while he was compelled

to witness the execution of his most intimate and cherished friend, Lieutenaht Katte, before his window, after the latter had been most barbarously treated by the king. In the frenzy of his anger, Frederick William was determined to execute his son also, and would doubtless have done so had not his generals resisted his design with surprising unanimity and boldness; and one of the oldest declared to the king, "If your majesty wants blood, you shall have mine, but not that of the prince."

When it came to be his turn to try his hand at governing, however, he proved himself fully equal to the emergency; and the Prussia of to-day is but the fulfillment of that which Frederick II prepared it to become, the leading State in Europe. His career is a marvel of sagacity, endurance, and success, achieved against overwhelming odds; and he died, leaving an army of two hundred thousand men, and seventy millions of thalers in his treasury. He managed to sustain the most protracted and bloody campaigns, without incurring a penny of indebtedness; while no king was ever more liberal to his subjects, or regarded their pecuniary condition with greater consideration. Religious persecution was unknown, and the press was practically free. Of the faults of this ruler, his skeptical bias and admiration of the French, we have not room to speak. His nephew and successor, Frederick William II of Prussia, soon squandered the treasure that his uncle had collected, and placed the kingdom in debt twenty-eight million thalers; but during his reign the territory of Prussia was enlarged by forty-six thousand square miles, by the division of Poland, in which it shared, and two and a half millions of people added to the number of its inhabitants. Frederick William II expired on the 16th of November, 1797, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William III. He was married four years previously to Louisa of Mecklenburg, who is described as having been a beautiful and very estimable lady. He particularly disliked the established formalities imposed by court etiquette upon him while Crown Prince, and took occasion to violate them as often as possible. With the Countess Vasse he was particularly annoyed, because she, being lady-in-waiting, desired him never to visit the princess, his wife, without first being announced in the approved form. Meeting with her in a hall one day, when on the way to his wife's apartments, she expostulated with him on the subject; and, to her great gratification, received permission to announce to "Her Royal Highness, the Princess, that His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, desired to speak with her."

The lady hastened to perform her cherished duty, when what was her surprise, when she opened the door of the apartment, to behold her master already seated on the sofa by his wife, and his arm around her waist. Louisa was convulsed with laughter over the chagrin of the countess. The prince had thus escaped his tormentor, and arrived at his wife's room by a nearer and private entrance. He informed the countess, good-humoredly, that she was an excellent mistress of ceremonies, but assured her that she must make up her mind to allow him unrestricted intercourse with his wife.

When he became king, the countess determined to have matters arranged properly at their first reception. She endeavored to impress it upon the royal pair that they should drive to and from the reception in a state-coach, drawn by eight horses. The king smiled, and instructed her to see that it was prepared. When all was ready for starting, Frederick William handed the countess into the state-coach, and ordered the coachman to drive on with the astonished lady, himself and the queen following in an ordinary open carriage, amid the cheers and shouts of the people. Frederick William III was a virtuous man, and meant to be a good ruler; but he fell upon perilous times, when the unbridled ambition of Napoleon I was beginning to turn all Europe into a boiling caldron; and not having learned the treachery of that audacious villain, it is not surprising that he fell into the meshes of his snares. Indeed, it made little difference, as Napoleon I would doubtless have treated him in the same manner any way; but he first secured the king's neutrality, while he was engaged with other enemies, by a promise concerning Hanover, which he had recently seized, and then violated it himself when he was ready to engage with Prussia. It would extend this article beyond reasonable limits to tell of all the complications which followed; but Hanover was finally ceded to Frederick William III in return for some other small provinces which Napoleon I desired, but with no intention on his part that the trade should be permanent, as he afterward offered to restore it to England. This, of course, exasperated the Prussians, and war followed. In September, 1806, Napoleon succeeded in uniting the Southern German States into a league called "the Confederation of the Rhine," severing them from the German Empire, and placing them under the protection of France. To offset this, Frederick William attempted to form the Northern States into a similar league, under the protection of Prussia; but Napoleon managed to defeat the scheme by persuading

Saxony and some other States not to join it. This was the last straw that broke the back of Prussian patience, and they demanded of Napoleon that he should withdraw his troops beyond the Rhine. This he of course refused. The enthusiasm in Prussia ran very high. The beautiful queen rode at the head of her regiment, wearing its uniform; and expectations of speedy and complete success were universally entertained. The chief engagements took place at Jena, 13th and 14th of October, 1806; the Prussians were badly defeated, and Napoleon entered Berlin on the 27th. He treated them with great severity, compelling them to pay twelve million pounds toward the expenses of the war, insulted his prisoners, and desecrated the tomb of Frederick the Great, and permitted his army to plunder without restriction. Had it not been for his Russian allies at this time, Frederick William III would probably have been deposed altogether; as it was, his territory was much reduced, a part being given to Saxony, and Napoleon retaining possession of the principal Prussian fortresses.

From this period of humiliation dates the beginning of Prussia's present greatness. Under the pressure of necessity, reforms were accomplished which might have waited in vain had success accompanied the arms of Prussia against Napoleon I. The restrictions imposed on nobles in reference to trade were removed, and they were permitted to engage in commercial pursuits; while, on the other hand, merit alone was constituted the only requirement to fit all persons for official position. Under the lead of the patriotic and clear-headed Von Stein—the incipient Bismarck—Prussia was gradually prepared to assert her independence. He, however, rendered himself obnoxious and dangerous to Napoleon by founding, in 1808, a secret society called the Tugenbund, or League of Virtue, the spirit of which was a patriotic opposition to the French; and Napoleon sent orders to Berlin for his banishment. Such was then the abject condition of Frederick William III, that he was obliged to obey this mandate, and Von Stein was exiled. His successors, however, followed in his footsteps, and carried out his policy. Hatred to the French thus became deeply rooted in the minds of the insulted people. Frederick William III was forbidden to raise a larger army than forty-two thousand men, which necessitated the adoption of the practice of drilling a few thousand at a time, who would then be discharged, and their places filled by raw recruits. Thus a large available reserve was created, which could be drawn upon at short notice. In 1812, Napoleon

quarreled with Alexander of Russia, and collected his vast army of five hundred thousand men, twenty thousand of whom were Prussians, to march into that country. That year was a very distressing one for Prussia. Compelled, against their wishes, to engage in war against a neighboring power, and to permit the whole of that vast army to pass through their country, exhausting its resources, and with their fortresses in French hands, their humiliation must have been complete. But the day of vengeance was approaching, and nearer than it appeared. The Prussian contingent had been engaged in the siege of Riga, instead of marching to Moscow, and was now the only branch of the immense force which returned with trifling loss. In the next Spring, the approach of the Russians obliged the French to quit Berlin, thus freeing Prussia from their hated presence.

On the first of March, 1813, Frederick William concluded a treaty with Russia, and soon afterward issued a spirited proclamation of war against Napoleon, which he declared "must end in honorable peace or glorious destruction." The people responded most enthusiastically. Ladies brought their jewelry, and families their gold and silver plate, to the treasury, receiving fac-similes in iron inscribed, "I gave gold for iron—1813." Two hundred thousand men enlisted in an incredibly short space of time. About this time the Order of the Iron Cross was instituted, to stimulate the patriotic ardor. Of the war which followed it is unnecessary to speak. All the world knows that the Prussians and their allies were finally victorious, and that on the field of Waterloo the final battle was fought, which consigned the pest and terror of Europe to permanent exile. Prussia had previously regained her provinces, at the treaty of Paris in May, 1814, which Napoleon had wrested from her; but France had been allowed to retain Lorraine and Alsace, much to the mortification of her brave soldiers. The treaty of Paris transformed Germany into a confederation. All the States were to send deputies to a Diet, which was to sit continually at Frankfort, presided over by Austria. Although the Emperor of Austria held the presidency, so to speak, of the German Confederation, he had a strong rival in this leadership in Prussia; while Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria, and Würtemberg, the four other largest States in the Confederation, exerted themselves to hold the balance of power. This union was merely nominal and wholly unsatisfactory to the people, who longed for a real unity; but whose aspirations in this direction, as we have before remarked, were regarded as treasonable by their petty rulers.

The people had become aroused and demanded political reform and more share in the responsibility of government. But Frederick William III was afraid to trust the people, and preferred to do *for* instead of *by* them; and disappointed them by unfulfilled promises and evasions, for which he endeavored to atone by improving the educational system and increasing the efficiency of the army.

In 1833, the Zollverein was established. It was a commercial league, formed by the principal States of Germany, and headed by Prussia, Austria keeping aloof from it. It arranged a uniform currency and rate of duties, and gave to Prussia the collection and distribution of the revenue to the several States in proportion to their population. A more potent influence could scarcely have been created to increase the influence of Prussia, while it diminished that of Austria. The remaining years of Frederick William's life were not wholly undisturbed. Hoping to conciliate the inhabitants of Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces, a treaty had been made with the Pope in 1821, by which several new bishoprics were created. In 1837, several of these bishops set themselves to overthrow one of the laws in relation to mixed marriages, and refused to celebrate them unless the children could be educated as Papists, regardless of the faith of the father. The king had good reason to regret the treaty of 1821; and it does seem as if he might have learned before then, that "to give an inch" to Rome, is to open the way for Rome to "take an ell." It will be well for us Americans to bear this fact in mind now. Frederick William III died on the 7th of June, 1840, lamented by his subjects, notwithstanding his want of liberal principles. The Emperor of Russia arrived at his bedside just in time to bid him a last adieu, and was the first to salute the Crown Prince as King of Prussia. He was seventy years of age at the time of his death, and had reigned forty-three years; having taken his kingdom through one of the most remarkable and eventful periods of European history, and left it a firmly established and well-organized nation, more extensive and powerful than it had ever been before.

The following anecdote as showing at least one phase of his character, is very interesting. His eldest daughter, who married Nicholas, Czar of Russia, had sent him a very rare Asiatic plant, the first specimen of the kind which was ever seen in Germany. The king was much pleased with it; consulted Humboldt as to its treatment, and placed it in the royal conservatory, where it was nurtured with the greatest care. After a time, to his great delight, it

bloomed. It was customary to throw the king's gardens open to the public two or three times a week; whereat the head gardener was greatly annoyed, and was constantly urging the king to close them. On one of these occasions the cherished flower was plucked. The gardener was furious, and the dismay of the guilty person, when he learned the value that was set upon the flower, may be imagined. The gardener took his name and address, and left him, dreadfully frightened, while he went to report the matter to the king. At first Frederick William looked angry, but merely said, "How could any one be so unfeeling as willfully to destroy my innocent pleasure?" The gardener, who thought his time had come, replied, "Such things will always happen, your majesty, as long as the gardens are open to the public." The king replied that he would not visit on the public the offense of one man. "At least," said the gardener, "I implore you to punish the thief severely. His name is ——" "Stay, stay," interrupted the king, "I will not hear it. My memory is very tenacious. If I once hear the name, I shall not forget it; and if the young man should hereafter apply to me for some favor, I may, however unconsciously, be influenced against him by the circumstance." How many of our public men are as careful to keep their minds unprejudiced against the claims of their fellow-citizens?

Frederick William IV, son and successor of Frederick William III, was a well-intentioned ruler, but deficient in resolution and ability. Europe was profoundly agitated during his reign, the people struggling for their rights against the hereditary rulers that had so long oppressed them; and Berlin was the scene of riots and bloodshed, until universal suffrage was declared, and a new and liberal constitution proclaimed. For a short time during this excitement, Frederick William assumed the rôle of reformer, and paraded the streets wearing the revolutionary colors, and offering to lay down his royal title and merge his kingdom in the common Father-land. He recommended all the nobles and people to unite in one bond for the salvation of the country, and proposed to be himself the guide, and leader of this new Germany. The National Assembly even went so far as to vote for the abolition of the nobility; but this step appears to have been rather premature, and caused somewhat of a conservative reaction. The king called in the military, and prorogued the Assembly, and closed the theater where its sittings were held. At the same time, however, the new constitution was granted, creating two representative legislative bodies—

the members of the Lower House being elected by universal suffrage, while the Upper House was composed of members of the nobility and appointments by the king. In 1849, the Frankfurt Diet offered the title of Hereditary Emperor of Germany to Frederick William; but he declined it, unless the Emperor of Austria, and all the other princes, would unite in bestowing it. To this they would not agree, and the proposition fell through. In the next year, a quarrel arose between Prussia and Austria over the Government of Hesse-Cassel. The armies of both nations were called out, and met each other in Hessian territory; but as Prussia was quite unprepared for war, Frederick William preferred to abandon the cause. In 1854, there occurred a farther conservative reaction, and universal suffrage was abolished, and the political freedom of Prussia was considerably curtailed. A new conservative minister, Manteuffel, exerted himself to the utmost to resist all measures of the representatives which might encroach on the absolute powers of the king, and succeeded in effectually neutralizing all their efforts for greater freedom and control of affairs.

In July, 1857, Frederick William IV was attacked by a malady which terminated in insanity, and in October, 1858, his brother William became regent. In 1860, changes were introduced into the army in spite of the opposition in Parliament, by which it was greatly enlarged, and the requirement of service therein greatly extended. Every Prussian, with few exceptions, was bound to serve in the ranks, from the age of twenty to twenty-three; in the reserve, from twenty-three to twenty-eight; and in the landwehr—answering to our militia, liable to be called out in time of war—from twenty-eight to thirty-nine. In January, 1861, Frederick William IV expired; and the regent became William I, King of Prussia.

It will be remembered that he was crowned at Königsberg, in October of the same year; upon which occasion, he asserted his divine prerogative to rule; but softened the declaration by the remark that he should heed the counsel of his subjects. He has acted fully up to the first principle, but has, so far, given little heed to the latter. The Parliament voted for the reduction of the army, and the curtailment of the expenses of Government; he, instead, went on increasing both. The Lower House opposed him, and was dissolved; and in September, 1862, Prince—then Count—Bismarck came into office. He carried matters with a high hand, and continually overruled the representatives, dissolved two Parliaments in quick succession, and curtailed the liberty of the press.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair is still fresh in the minds of most people, and was unquestionably no less than a bold and skillful piece of robbery; sustained, however, by the people, and, perhaps, resulting in a decided advantage to all concerned. It is needless to go over the details of this bit of history. It can all be summed up by saying that A and B went out together on a lark, to see what they could find lying about loose; and after collecting a snug little booty, they quarreled over its division. This disagreement furnished a pretext for a war between the two rivals, who had long wished for an opportunity to test the question of leadership; and the sharp and decisive campaign of 1866 convinced Austria that she might as well bow gracefully to the dictation of her stronger rival. Those small States that sided with Austria in this war were immediately taken possession of by Prussia; while those that took sides in favor of the victor at the outset were allowed to retain their independent existence, under the protection of Prussia. The result of this war was, that Austria was compelled to withdraw from the Germanic Confederation, renounce all rights in the former theft of Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia, pay forty thousand thalers toward the expenses of the war, and agree not to interfere with Prussia's intentions as to Germany. These intentions were the annexation of several small states, previously mentioned, including Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Darmstadt; also Brunswick, at the death of the duke, who was childless; and the formation of a North German Confederation, headed by Prussia, which Saxony was to be compelled to join. Then began that series of intoxicating successes which have apparently rendered the German people blind to the despotism by which they have been achieved, and rendered them ever since the willing tools of their despotic rulers, for further aggressions and conquests.

On the twenty-first of September, the army returned to Berlin in triumph, and was greeted with the wildest cheers of the people, who, with the Parliament, were now ready unhesitatingly to do the bidding of him who had been, shortly before, most cordially despised. The campaign of 1866 will ever be memorable in the annals of Germany. It transferred the leadership from Austria to Prussia, enlarged the area of the latter from 127,350 square miles to 160,000, and increased the population from 19,000,000 to 23,000,000. A new North German Confederation was formed in August. It consisted of Prussia, Mecklenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg

Gotha, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Schwarzburg-Rüdolstadt, Waldeck, Reuss, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe, Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. Saxe-Meiningen joined the Confederation in September, and Saxony in October. Thus King William had cut the Frankfort knot, and conquered the power of proclaiming himself head of a new Bund. The old, loose ties which had connected the entire German Father-land were thus severed; but Bismarck, by his skillful diplomacy, succeeded in partially uniting the Southern States by secret alliances, while the national spirit was again aroused and assiduously fostered.

But it remained for Napoleon III to hasten what neither common patriotism nor skillful diplomacy could achieve, and by his mad folly at Saarbrück, compelled the German people to sink their petty jealousies in the united defense of their common country. The enthusiasm of victory swept onward beyond the point aimed at in the beginning; and, as is usually the case, concentrated upon him who had headed the successful armies. His peers of Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg—Bavaria taking the lead—resolved to bestow the imperial crown of Germany upon the victor of Sedan; and, as it came this time from royal hands, it was accepted; and on the 18th of January, 1871, King William, by a formal proclamation, announced that he assumed the imperial title for himself and his successors.

It remains for us only to examine briefly the construction of this new empire, and to inquire what benefits are likely to accrue to Germany from its organization. It can not be denied that a great nation has suddenly been created, by far the most powerful of any in Europe, at present, and destined most certainly to exercise an important influence on the general development of the people in the future; embracing, as it does, a territory of 216,538 square miles, and including a population of over 41,229,452 people, of whom over sixty-four per cent are Protestants; and maintaining an army that, on a peace footing, numbers nearly four hundred thousand men, and, by a recent and more sweeping method of recruiting, that can be raised to over one million. There remains still the German-speaking portion of Austria, and Luxemburg and Limburg—possessions of the King of Holland—which must be incorporated into the new empire before it will include the entire German nation; and we may safely assure ourselves that the aggressive spirit of its rulers will not content itself until this consummation is accomplished. We do not say but that it would be well that it should be achieved. In the present empire, Prussia

is not only vastly preponderating and leading, but to her crown belongs also the imperial dignity—or executive presidency—by hereditary right; and this right is invested with prerogatives which, in external and military affairs, almost amount to exclusive dictation. A German official recently declared, "There is no Germany but Prussia; all else is schwindel;" or, as we would say, "a hoax." Emperor William—as King of Prussia—is an almost absolute and irresponsible monarch, without a responsible ministry; and is almost as unchecked in his government of the Empire. He represents the nation in all its international relations; is the commander-in-chief of all its armies and navy; appoints all the superior commanders; declares war, with the consent of the Federal (Imperial) Senate, or Council—an important concession, if it could not be utterly dispensed with when occasion required, and is of small importance when considered along with the next privilege of the emperor, to repel aggression without authorization of the Council—makes peace; concludes treaties, which require ratification only in exceptional cases; manages and controls the common finances and customs, the mails and telegraphs, and the military roads; convokes, opens, prorogues, and closes both branches of the Legislature; promulgates and executes the Imperial (Federal) laws, and appoints the Federal Chancellor, who presides over the Council. The Upper House consists of princely representatives of the royal governments composing the Empire; and in this, Prussia has seventeen votes out of fifty-eight, while no other State casts more than six, and only one (Bavaria) as many as that. Saxony and Würtemberg have four each, Baden and Hesse three each, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Brunswick two each, and all others only one. The Reichstag, answering to our House of Representatives, consists of three hundred and eighty-two members; that is, one to each one hundred thousand of the population. They are chosen by universal suffrage, by direct vote, and secret ballot, for a term of three years. It can be dissolved by the Council, or Upper House, with the consent of the emperor. It possesses the initiative of legislation, the right of address and amendment. The laws it passes must be sanctioned by the Council. It elects its president and vice-president; and its deliberations are public. No member is held responsible out of the Reichstag for words spoken in debate. Their sphere of legislation is extensive, and embraces all questions which can affect the General Government, and extends to the control of the press and public meetings. This last feature is very

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distasteful to the liberal portion of the German people. It will easily be seen that this arrangement is calculated to decrease the power and importance of the local, or State, governments, which are still kingdoms and duchies, in proportion as the central, or imperial, government becomes more thoroughly organized. And already we hear of kings who have as good as abdicated their thrones, finding themselves left without power or duties to occupy their attention. The people are thus being relieved of the annoyance of the petty governments to a great extent, while their princes are sinking to the level of the commons, by their comparative insignificance beside the empire. They are literally swallowed up and lost sight of in the towering dignity of the General Government.

But in all this we can, as yet, find little hope for the liberation of Germany, according to our ideal, from the government of absolute masters. The people are allowed to play at government a little; but their real power or influence is infinitesimal. The spectacle of such a great nation, in our day, given over helplessly to be drilled into a huge military machine, it must be confessed, is not the most cheering that could be desired; while the fact that the people themselves are dazzled by the sudden glory that radiates from their imperial, central sun, is most discouraging of all. An absolute, imperial government, with a prime minister as audacious and regardless of precedent as Prince Bismarck, may have been necessary to sweep away the accumulated obstructions of centuries, and prepare the way for a truly popular government by the people. But Germany will never be the great and glorious nation which her people are competent to construct and sustain, until the emperors, princes, and Bismarcks are swept away also, and the people take their true place at the head, and claim their own God-given prerogative to rule as well as obey, and order their government more with regard to civil and humanitarian principles than as an imperious and defiant military power.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS VILLAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE following extract was the last clause in the will of the dearest old lady in the state of M. Whether this state was Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, or Minnesota, is immaterial. I will also add, in deference to a time-honored joke, that neither was it the state of matrimony; for the dear old lady lived a spinster, like most of the rest of us

engaged in the battle for woman's rights, and in dying, left this testimonial of her devotion to the cause:

"I also give and bequeath to my countrywomen belonging to the Woman's Rights League in the state of M., six hundred and forty acres of land, situated in section thirty, township ten, and range — west, in the state of K.; said land to be used for a town, to be located, laid out, incorporated, and officered perpetually by women. I leave a fund of five thousand dollars, from which twenty-five dollars is to be paid to every woman becoming a resident of this town, according to the laws of the State, to cover emigrant expenses. I also desire that a lot one hundred feet square be given to every female settler, who, in two years, shall have expended upon said lot fifty dollars in improvements. I leave to this town twenty thousand dollars for a Court-house and Public Square; ten thousand dollars for a church; ten thousand dollars for a school, a store-house, and hospital; five thousand dollars for expenses of surveying and draining the town, and for the improvement of the coal-mines situated in this tract of land. The first two items of this bequest shall be executed by a committee of three ladies, appointed by a convention of women in the state of M. As soon as practicable, the executive power will be vested in the town authorities. I make this gift as proof of my love for, and confidence in, my sister workers, and in their power to show to the world capacities of executive ability, which should entitle them to the highest offices in government, from which they now unjustly are debarred. I die in the belief that this town will be the metropolis of happy homes. 'DOLLY CHEETS.'"

Of course, the heralding of this generous bequest created a great commotion. It is well known that the State of K., in which our new Utopia was to be founded, already had acknowledged, to a limited extent, the rights of woman.

She was at least tolerated in all the professions, and might vote at all the elections, and aspire to State offices, but at the foot of the great rock of gubernatorial office her mounting ambition must pause. After the notorious scandal in the representation of the Territory of Wyoming, which caused the enfranchisement of woman to be rescinded when the territory became a state, the lords and masters of every state, like free and equal American citizens, generously visited the sin of the few upon the many, and concluded to keep their women "at home." K. generously compromised by giving the "fallen fair" the liberty of the state.

It was, therefore, with feelings of injured

pride and fierce ambition, that each aspiring woman in the state of M. hastened to avail herself of this opening in the neutral ground. A state convention was immediately called. Its magnitude and its proceedings I need not chronicle, as they are quite a national event. Hundreds of sisters rushed in from other states, so anxious were all that this fledgeling of liberty should be properly and firmly set on its moral legs, a fact which had been omitted by the free and easy Wyomingians. For three days' eloquence, wit, invective, eulogy, poured from the clamorous throats of excited females, while many a lonely man guarded the baby and the household gods, like the poor boy at the huskings, with "not a word to say."

It will be remembered that the question whether or not we should take man incidentally into this great scheme, was the great contention in this meeting. A large portion of the convention who, at least, had not suffered from connubial experiences with the tyrant, were avowed man-haters. They furiously contended that the very soul of the benevolent bequest was to free us at once and forever from the insidious tyrant, that his hateful foot should never profane the virgin soil of the future metropolis. The matronly part of the assemblage were in favor of taking man with us. A Mrs. Arnold Gray, whose kindly countenance was as well known to us as Mrs. Stanton's was in the last decade, said:

"We can not indulge in theories. We must live as practical human beings, elevated as examples to the present practical age. Neither do we propose to be communists, and play the brief rôle of Brook Farm. Our benefactress speaks of happy families and homes. It must be every one's privilege in this free land to order their homes to their own ideas of happiness. And would not every woman of us blush for shame, were not this nucleus of our peculiar power the very center of liberty in the conventionalities of life, as well as in religion and politics?"

Another lady, Anna Olds, who, like Lucy Stone, was short and plump, and looked as if she took her husband and children, with other ills of life, very amiably, arose to add to her friend's argument:

"And, my dear sisters, we have need of man's muscle. We can do without it in our legislating, and in our head-work and machinery; for the brawniest of us," and here she bared a large but beautifully firm and taper arm, "have not the strength to raise rafters or to dig mines."

The opposite side, whose arms were notably angular and thin, felt that they could not

outshow her in muscle, and so ignored this feminine *coup d'état*, screaming:

"We will have our drudging done by coolies."

They were put down with the suggestion that coolies were men, and one of our favorite axioms, "The more intelligent the worker, the better done is the work."

The vote being called for, the younger and rosier part of the convention siding with the matrons, from unknown considerations, the vote fell in their favor, and man was to be a subordinate feature of our new Utopia.

Another point of serious debate was the naming of the town. Of course our first impulse was to perpetuate in it the name of our benefactress. But what an unfortunate name! Cheetsville, Cheetsburg, Cheetstown, were all said over, but the significance of that word *Cheet* would show forth. We would be announced to the world as a swindle in our new enterprise. It would not do. Then Dolly was considered. The dear old lady was named in the olden time, and no doubt the name had been musical and loved on lips long silent; but O! had it only been Dinah, Delia, or Dorothy, or any of the ancient names, except Delilah, we would have immortalized it. But to call our home Dollytown, when we were, as a community, thin, severe, and high-toned, and most of us nearer forty than fourteen. We instinctively shrank from the stupid jokes and *jeux d'esprit* of an unfriendly press, which would be sure to call us Dolly Vardens. Though we enjoyed good, round abuse, it would not do to be ridiculous. So it was finally decided to name the future town ANTHONYVILLE, after the dear old lady's chiefest coadjutor, SUSAN B. ANTHONY. This was also a sort of mollification for the man-hating clique, whose model she had always been.

The fund of five thousand dollars was eagerly taken up in the twenty-five dollar parcels by two hundred of the members of the Woman's League, as they chanced to stand in line. About fifty wealthy ladies, preferring to bear their own expenses, passed on their shares to poorer sisters. The thousands of disappointed women who were not provided for, were consoled with vague promises that this splendid metropolis would soon have a fund of its own, and that they would all be sent for. The committee elected to locate and lay out the town were Miss Lizzie Boyd, Miss Sallie Swayne, and Mrs. Jane Gray. We felicitated ourselves on having made a happy combination of science, wit, and sense. Miss Boyd was as deeply versed in the "ologies" as any man I know. She had the real investigating, science-searching brain, and we felt sure

that her great blue, studious eyes would discover at once every natural advantage *on* our precious land, and under it, as far down as the primary formation. This view would embrace the coal-mines, about which we were very anxious, as our chief source of revenue. From Sallie Swayne we expected to hear much more of small matters. She was, in the common vernacular, a Tartar; as small, wiry, and dark, as Miss Boyd was large and slouching. There was ever a "lurking devil in her eye," and he certainly sometimes crept down to her tongue. There had never been such a shrew heard since Katrina or Anna Dickinson, and none wondered that no Petruchio had ever been found brave enough to tame her. No subject escaped her caustic censure and cutting wit. The audiences of men, whom she lashed without pity in her lectures, roared with laughter, as at a pettish child. Yet her hits at all the great problems of the age were admitted to be quite seer-like. We depended, after all, chiefly on Mrs. Jane Gray's handsome face and address to make matters acceptable for our future.

As it was the month of March, and Winter's reign quite shattered in the latitude of our new home, there was nothing to detain the committee from their work. They set off with manly promptitude. In a fortnight they had returned with flying colors, and a meeting of the future emigrants especially convened to hear their report. It was all that heart could wish for. A natural Acropolis—if I may be allowed the expression—had been discovered in the prairie part of the tract, on which to erect our Court-house. And from this point the town was charmingly laid out, not in ungraceful right-angles, but in beautifully winding avenues, and plats that were truly Bostonian. A little stream called "Crooked Creek," running tortuously through the town, added to the mazy and curved lines of beauty on the map. No clearing was to be done. No wells need be dug at present. There was nothing to prevent the immediate erection of our public buildings, and our taking possession, while the private dwellings went up more slowly. The city councilmen, the mayor, sheriff, and city advocate were at once elected. They were urged to appoint proper committees, and prepare, in a week, plans for all town edifices, and to employ workmen immediately. I was honored by being made secretary of this august body, and can give the assurance that these meetings were highly interesting; but as they were all conducted scrupulously after the old forms, they need no comment. Every thing was on the high-pressure principle; and never was there a town forced into existence with

such hot-house rapidity. A slight dispute arose about selecting our builders and building material. Mrs. Gray and Miss Boyd were in favor of conciliating our neighbors by employing native workmen. Sallie Swayne scouted the idea. "Such snail-like, pig-headed louts never had been seen; our buildings would not be finished by next Christmas." She had a cousin down East who was an intelligent builder. He proposed to bring an immense force of workmen; and by buying the lumber ready dressed from another cousin, who owned a portable saw-mill up the river, he promised to have all completed in two months' time. As we had the ready fifty thousand dollars, why not have all finished at once? Sallie's zeal to hie to our new possessions met with too full a response in each heart to be resisted. Telegraphic dispatches flew, in opposite directions, to each cousin; to the Western cousin, to come with his saw-mill to the lumber nearest our town; to the Eastern cousin, to rally his forces, and be on the spot as quickly as possible. Of course, as we had an accomplished draughtsman among us, we made our own plans for the buildings. The town officers, fifteen in number, set off at once to superintend the hiring of teams to haul the lumber from the saw-mill, and to see to the erection of a temporary shelter for the workmen. It may be well to comment upon what may have already occurred to the reader, that this was a large number of supervisors for a little business; but I beg to assure the public, that the same hankering to be on committees, and rush round on public business at public expense, "springs immortal" in the female breast, as in the manly heart. We women have, it is true, a domestic motto, smacking of our kitchens, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," which Mrs. Gray quoted to this party of council women; but, filled with mannish disdain, they ignored it and rushed away; with what result we shall see.

In a month the Court-house was to be habitable, and was to be sufficiently large to harbor, for a very short time, the two hundred and fifty first settlers. This month passed, filled with the most flattering reports. Anthonyville was reported to have the appearance of a Summer bee-hive. Its august officers were boarding at the nearest town, seven miles distant, from motives of policy, they wrote; which was a surprise to us, as almost half of the number had gone out for the purpose of lessening expenses by having a boarding-house for the numerous workmen, near the buildings. However, they reported driving over to Anthonyville in great state every morning to superintend the work,

which, under such numerous guidance, we all felt could not fail to be perfect.

Promptly, by the middle of April, our summons came to start for our new home. We chartered two cars, and by dint of skillful packing, our two hundred and forty ladies, twenty children, and forty bird-cages, and ten men, were all aboard. The proportion of the sterner sex in our expedition was small, "hardly enough," as one of the sisters remarked, "to wait upon the children." In fact, when the matter became serious, they did not want to go with us, being, as every one knows, mentally slower and less given to divine impulse than woman. Husbands, brothers, cousins, and lovers positively refused to leave their homes. Some men were dragged along in preference to making a division among their children. In other cases families, were divided, the fathers keeping half of the children at home, which seemed a very hard trial to the mothers, whom the spinster sisters applauded to the echo.

Our little band bore itself bravely in starting. Not a tear was shed, except by some babies of prophetic soul; and, at the time, we supposed they were crying for the apples peeping out of the luncheon-baskets. The bell rang, the whistle shrieked, the babies bellowed, the canaries screamed. Fifty-nine note-books and pencils were whipped out to describe this last hour, and we whirled away to our new Utopia.

The journey was successfully made. We descended from the last stage on our own dear acres. Our eyes were greeted by a prairie, perhaps half a mile wide, over which spots of watery snow and patches of beautiful green grass were struggling for possession in the warm Spring sunlight. The expanse was likewise beautifully variegated with several gentle mounds, covered with tall forest-trees. On the nearest hillocks was a quantity of building debris, and an immense brick structure, with innumerable turrets, towers, turns, and protuberances. This edifice was, in style, neither Doric, Corinthian, Gothic, nor modern; but it was our Court-house. A pure brook rushed round the foot of the noble rise. We admiringly crossed it on three rustic bridges of the gnarled grape-vine, the work of one of our enterprising sisters. We reached the broad portals of the house in an ecstasy; but here, alas, our dream changed. As we were marshaled through the wide halls into the square court-room, a dense cloud of smoke greeted us every-where, and set our two hundred and forty throats and noses to alternations of cough and sneeze. When we could command our blinded eyes to distinguish objects, we saw within the bar our talented

architect and our Eastern builder in a violent discussion before our mayor, who was vigorously wiping her eyes and holding her breath, though evidently from physical causes. The fact finally became known, that every chimney in the house smoked—smoked abominably. The builder vowed, with horrid expletives, that he had built the entire building as it was planned; to have changed it, would have forfeited his contract. The poor architectress, with scarlet face, offered to show, by measurement, that the chimneys were not in their proper places or dimensions by several inches; declaring, also, that any mechanic ought to have sense enough to build a proper flue without specifications. All this time Sallie Swayne was talking also, at the top of her voice, and gesticulating violently, all in favor of her cousin, the builder. The mayor, at length, wearily ordered an investigation of the affair by proper authorities; but that immediately should the workmen right the chimneys, let the loss come where it would. Then every one of the city officers, after kissing and welcoming the travelers, in woman fashion, for some five minutes, each seized one of the newly arrived around the waist, and repaired to the shade of the trees, in mysterious confidences.

As I was confabbed by several, I learned some facts. First, that the city mothers, except a few blind allies of Sallie Swayne, regarded the Eastern cousin as a great swindler; that he knowingly built the chimneys wrong to get a great price for righting them; that Sallie was with him, from the rising of the sun to its setting; that Sallie, with her professions, and at her age, was engaged to be married to him. Then came the various reasons why our good ladies had not immediately located on our own grounds, in some temporary building, as had been agreed. In the first place, they were boarding at some friends' of the contractor's, and the building was very slow in progress. In the mean time, two or three had fallen sick; two or three had become so interested in some of Sallie's cousin's young friends, that they would not leave the town; and others had found distant relatives in the town, who did not favor the idea of their keeping a working-men's boarding-house. The few remaining, being discouraged by these examples, thought they had as much right to the public money as any one; so all continued boarding and quarreling together. I scarcely need say that these disclosures, in the face of our bright hopes, gave us bitter mortification. They might at least have cooked supper for us; but being each on their dignity with the other, no one had so condescended.

Strong and self-reliant as was our band, the fatigues of traveling and hunger, the utter loneliness and homelessness of this spot, which was now all we had of home, told upon us. In the faint Spring twilight, we huddled together like sheep in a strange pen. The dreariest of boarding-house fire-places would have seemed hospitable. We felt injured, and that someone ought to do something for us.

I bravely gulped down a conviction; rising in that dreary hour, that in spite of all our theories, woman verified that sickly simile of the clinging vine, after all. To give force to this stifled fear, came the announcement that the men, having built a fire out of doors, had succeeded in making us some excellent tea and coffee. This refreshment gave us strength to prepare our night's lodging; but even after our heads were at rest on some uncomfortable pillow, the murmurs of discontent were heard, like the surging of an angry sea.

In a few days, with our usual promptitude, a chimney investigation was held. Sallie Swayne had lorded it over us wickedly during the interval. Her tongue seemed newly sharpened. She lampooned almost all of us as sour old maids, with a personality that was killing; and, although we hated her more than ever, the knowledge that she was going to be married, in some way restrained our tongues. With all her faults, a man's tenderness and protecting love were thrown about her; with all her faults, she had been chosen as the queen of a man's heart and home. To some of us, perhaps, this fond pre-eminence had never even been offered. To others, it had been a dream indeed, but yet tenderly held in heart-memory. So we were kind to her—old maids have a corner of sentiment, be they ever so strong-minded. By the close of the investigation, the chimneys were nearly righted, and the builder, with unblushing impudence, asked one thousand dollars additional for the job. The feeling of our community was unanimous against him, and we acted with decision. We had been grossly imposed upon. We had the work appraised, and made terms for discharging him at once; and, although our thousand dollars was gone when we got through these proceedings, we felt that the money had been well spent. Our Eastern builder rushed furiously from us, with the shocking invectives men use; and we saw him jump into the spring-wagon where Sallie Swayne sat triumphantly awaiting him, and drive off at a rapid rate. An hour or so afterward, when we were yet—woman-like—berating the unscrupulous contractor, and prophesying all manner of evil to the infatuated sister who had followed his fortunes, a noise

among the workmen attracted our attention. Alas, we little thought vengeance would overtake her so soon; for it was Sallie Swayne, apparently drowned. The workmen had chanced to spy her, from a lonely part of the road, afar down the brook, with her head pushed under the roots of a tree. Our first conclusion naturally was that this dreadful man had tried to murder her; but poor Sallie, coming to life just as we were about to give chase to him, confessed that it was her own act. In his fury at having overrated her influence among us, he had turned his anger upon her, had been very brutal, and pitched her from the wagon. In her shame and despair, she concluded to drown herself, and had ingeniously fastened her head among the roots, so that nothing but the strong, timely rescue could have saved her. This event, sad as it was, quite mollified us, and restored happiness. Sallie had a brain-fever; and we all nursed her and pitied her as much as we chose. She recovered, a sadder and siler woman.

The building committee now, quite wise by sad experience, made some admirable arrangements with the best of the builder's men, who declined following the fortunes of their master. They agreed with Mr. Arnold Gray, that the lumber in the house was most particularly green and unseasoned; that the Summer heat would doubtless develop rickety doors and windows, and open yawning cracks in the elaborate wood-work of the turrets. So the Western cousin was also discarded; and much better contracts made for the completion of the four other public buildings, which were to cluster, like little chicks, around the gigantic hen, the Court-house.

There was need that these houses, and as many private dwellings as possible, should be very soon finished, to relieve the overburdened Court-house. It is true that nunneries no larger, and that hotels of the same size of our habitation, had accommodated two hundred and forty persons; but in this assemblage there was a free-will tendency which was by no means compassed in the very limited sway of our mayor, Mrs. Olds. The fact became apparent, that woman in the aggregate either needed a good, strong despotic government, or else she must be allowed to become a republic of one woman.

Our first disagreement was on the subject of sleeping apartments. The spinster sisters had been placed without ceremony in the largest upper room, the court-room being reserved for the eating and living room. Across the hall were three rooms in range, running the entire

length of the building. Of these, the fifteen married sisters, with the twenty children and ten husbands, took possession; placing the gentlemen and older children in the center room, and dividing the babies to the extreme rooms, as their united roar, chiming in, one after the other, like the Harvard bells, produced an effect no spinster over twenty could endure. But notwithstanding this excellent argument, it soon became apparent that this monopoly of three rooms, by decidedly the smaller part of the sisterhood, was not to be tolerated. That particular middle room was needed by the spinsters; and I am sorry to say that the many bitter assaults and retorts about babies and husbands engendered a rancorous feeling in their possessors and the maiden ladies which never died out. The majority ruled. The gentlemen were ordered down to the vaults. Now the vaults were damp, and we afterward had reason to regret that we exposed our muscular strength to the poisonous atmosphere. Besides, four of the victims declared that they would leave the settlement; and their wives being thoroughly indignant, gave up practical woman's rights, and packed off with them to the next town.

Our mayor had allowed this matter to settle itself, as her lesser half was among the banished; but she called a meeting of the sisterhood, and presented our financial condition in vigorous terms. We must economize; we must work. The five thousand dollars left for the opening of the mine, drainage, surveying, and other expenses, was the only money within our reach. Of this, one thousand dollars had gone to the dishonest builder, and half as much more for the expenses of laying out the town. We had only thirty-five hundred left. The coal-mine must be opened, to save the destruction of our small woods, and the main street must at least be graded. The Chicago merchants had favored the idea of our collar, cuff, and shirt factory, which, once in operation, would employ and support fifty women. There was a flattering prospect for a cigar manufactory, and also a good opening for a paper-mill and brick-yard. These enterprises, if put in immediate operation, would make us self-supporting, until our immense fruit-orchards were grown, our great pastures stocked with finest cattle, and the railroad completed to our town. Private enterprise would have to do much in these movements; yet we must not lean more heavily on our wealthier towns-people than men would do in similar circumstances. Therefore, it was suggested that the town should present building lots to the proprietors of each of these

enterprises. The majority of the sisterhood were of limited means, which they did not care to have squandered. The public buildings should be at their service as homes, and coal supplied to the community, with a small tax on each person to cover mining expenses. A dairy and a bakery must be so sustained that, for the first years, bread, butter, and milk could be given at a mere nominal charge. The mayor ended her proclamation by especially recommending economy to the committees appointed to act on these points, as there had been a tendency to exaggerate our good fortune. These prudent suggestions were embraced and carried out. A great revulsion of feeling came over us all. For some months we had each lived in a sort of glorification, and felt as if seventy-five thousand dollars and a small principality had been left to each individual. Now we felt intensely poor, and every woman instinctively held her pocket, lest the rapacious town should abstract what little she had. We would scarcely allow a pudding to be spoken of, much less cooked, in Anthonyville.

Mayor Olds and Mrs. Jane Gray rose to firmer influence than ever; women who had the philosophy to see their husbands banished to the vaults, and yet not indulge in sulks or sarcasm, were indeed noble creatures. I should here mention that the spinsters were also represented with power among the city mothers by Kate Darrel, who was elected in Sallie Swayne's place. We had all known of Kate as an eloquent speaker and racy politician in the state of M. Perhaps ambition induced her to ally herself to the fortunes of the Woman's League. Perhaps it was disappointed love, or ennui, for she was reputed to have exhausted every pleasure and excitement in polite society. At any rate, she was with us in earnest, using her great wealth, as well as her great wit, for our advancement. It was she who promptly put into action the various enterprises recommended by our mayor. And it was to her, worldly wise and beautiful, that we looked to win future laurels to Anthonyville in the affairs of State.

My reports, as secretary for the town council, for the Spring and Summer months, are crowded with skillful plans and their successful working. Our prosperity was quite unequaled, and gained for us the sobriquet of Mushroomville among the neighboring villages. By the end of July, tall, black, smoking chimneys beacons our city afar to the prairie traveler. He would presently enter our pastures, where roamed small but beautiful herds. Perhaps he would see female figures in sun-hats, gathering the meadow-flowers, or a picturesque milkmaid sauntering with

her pails. The mine, where a couple of dignified dames, with note-books and scientific tomes, superintended a gang of digging coolies, invariably excited applause. But the machine-shops, the paper-mill, the brick-yard, and cigar factory, where the greatest activity and order prevailed, were the wonder of every one. The entire force was of neat women, in a blueingham uniform, ingenious machinery ever supplying the muscular force of our whilom tyrant, man. Along the broad paved street, toward the "Acropolis," the traveler would pass five or six beautiful cottages, built by the wealthier portion of the sisterhood. The four new public buildings were finished and in use. A firm of three ladies were doing a fine commission business in the store-house. At one door of the school-house was an attractive show of confections, and three pretty auburn heads might be seen flitting around the fragrant bake-ovens. In the next room was the shoe-show, where jolly female St. Crispins sat pegging away at boots, or finishing dainty gaiters. The hospital was used as a shirt factory, and, with its fifty workers and humming machines, looked and sounded like a bee-hive. Our little rustic chapel was also one of our fine points, and the charm of the very simplest of creeds and services was heightened by the exquisite music of our singers. And so the Summer sun shone on our prosperity, and the Utopia of woman, free, self-sustaining, and ambitious.

GOLDSMITH AS A SOCIAL MAN.

I HAVE often thought, in examining the characters that we are best acquainted with in literary history, that the man with whom I would have preferred individual acquaintance is "Goldy."

I trust the manes of Goldsmith will pardon my familiarity. I remember, now, that he was much offended by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who abbreviated his name, as he was in the habit of abbreviating the names of all his personal friends. Boswell was "Bozzy," Goldsmith "Goldy," his wife Elizabeth "Tetty," Garrick "Garry;" and so on *ad infinitum*. Boswell, it is said, rather liked the nickname than otherwise, though he came of "gentle blood," and may have had reason to be haughty. Garrick, the first and unrivaled representative of his time in every department of the drama, did not object to his *pseudonym*; and "Tetty" felt that there could be no insult in the word of endearment. But Goldsmith deemed the cutting down of his patronymic as a lowering of his character

as a man. This shows the sensitive dignity of the poet.

But it is not on account of his pride of name especially that I should like to have been acquainted with Goldsmith. His social disposition must have been stronger than ordinary.

To be sure, Johnson, in a conversation with *Bozzy*, insisted that Goldsmith was eminently an unsocial man. But I have the best reasons to believe otherwise. Croker says, in fact, he was *too* social in his habits.

Johnson, we all remember, was an overbearing man in conversation—the Czar of the convivial circles, a first-rate talker—and loved to hear his own voice above all things. That voice, when once in full play, would not pause until it had finished what it had to say; and when one supposed it *had* finished, and offered to put in a word or two, away it would go again on some new tack, to the bewilderment of the interpolater.

Goldsmith was a hesitating talker—slow, but not trite—and was often thus silenced by the giant lexicographer. Why he seemed unsocial to Johnson is easy to tell. He was vain enough to think he could say a good word himself, if permitted; and as Johnson seldom allowed him a chance, he became disgusted, and would not converse at all in that gentleman's presence. For this reason—I can see none other—he obtained the reputation given him by Garrick, who says:

"He wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll!"

The English character rather tends toward unsociality. When a native of the British Empire is on his travels, for example, he wraps himself about with conceit, as a cloak, and sits apart from his fellows. But when Goldsmith traveled through the Continent, on foot, he took his flute with him, and associated familiarly with the inhabitants of every class. He even attended their simple pleasure-parties and festive gatherings, and played upon his flute while they danced upon the green, well pleased with their musician. An unsocial man would not have thus acted.

He had wit, too!—something that is not common in an unsocial man.

Boswell admits that Goldsmith was often very fortunate in his witty conceits, even when he entered the lists with Johnson. He tells us that, one day, in the company of Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, Goldsmith said he thought he could write a very good fable. He mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires; and observed that, in most fables, the animals introduced seldom talk

in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes who saw the birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill," continued he, "consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful revery, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded: "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if *you* should make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

This was a happy hit at the doctor's pompous, blustering, "*bow-wow*" manner of talking and writing.

The remarks of Goldsmith were made in so dry and serious a vein that the import of his humorous sayings was often mistaken, and used to argue a jealous disposition. *Bozzy* insists, ridiculously enough, that Goldsmith envied every thing that was in any way superior to himself. People that were better dressed; people who differed from himself in intellectual character; sprightly pantomimists on the stage; great tragedians; good comedians or mimics,—all, according to our shallow Scotch friend, were subjects of Goldsmith's envy. He even accuses our "good-natured man" of being jealous of the agility of puppets. "Once," says Boswell, "at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini*, in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I could do it better myself!'"

And this pleasant hilarity was mistaken for envy! Unfortunate Goldy! Poor *Bozzy*!

The Memoir of Johnson, however, by Boswell, is an illustrious work. Every body says it is; although every body says, at the same time, that its author was a sycophant and booby.

But we can not help thinking, on reading this interesting Memoir, that the biographer has given the distinguished philologist, philosopher, and poet fully as much credit as he deserves. If ever human being was a man-worshiper, that individual was Boswell. He sat down at the feet of his idol, and continually adored him. Every one with whom he associated seemed to be smitten with almost the same idolatry, while listening to Boswell's enthusiastic praises; and so Samuel Johnson moved among his acquaintances as one whose every word was a favor.

Posterity, however, is beginning to do gradual justice to this literary autocrat. His "Lives of the Poets," far superior, as biographical essays, to any thing that had been previously written, are yet somewhat imperfect in critical

acumen. Although admired as a poet by such men as Boswell, his perception of the beauties of poetry was altogether weak. He did not like Collins, the author of some of the finest verses in our language—a man who was poetical to madness. He praised Gray faintly, ridiculed his "Odes," and thought his "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" contained but a few good lines. Yet the "Elegy" is rising in the balance with posterity, while Johnson's pompous and heavy lines, at the other end of the scale, are sinking to oblivion. We still read his "Lives" with interest—for he was a good writer of biographies—but reject *in toto* his judgment on the literary merits of his subjects.

One of the most ridiculous rumors afloat during the life of Goldsmith and Johnson was, that the latter had written a considerable part of the poem of "The Traveler." Johnson was not capable of doing so good a thing. His "Vanity of Human Wishes," though it has many excellent lines, as a whole is a failure. Very few readers of this age can sit down and read it through without yawning. It is too even. It neither soars nor grovels. It flows along like some deep stream through a forest, without a water-fall or ripple, lighted but dimly by the "religious light" which trembles through solemn tree-tops. Every scholar and man of literary taste has the book in his library; but he permits the dust to gather on its bindings and the moths to eat among its choicest passages.

Boswell was so *ultra* in his admiration of the character of his master, that he thought no book of merit could be written unless Johnson had some connection with it. Thus, he says, in speaking of Goldsmith's "Traveler:"

"Much, no doubt, of the expression and sentiments were derived from him [Johnson]; and it was certainly submitted to his friendly revision. But in the year 1793, he, at my request, marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished."

The following are the lines said to have been furnished, except the couplet in *italics*:

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves, in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret force, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
*The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,*
To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave Reason, Faith, and Conscience all our own."

These are fine lines—superior, I think, in smoothness and poetical *esprit*, to any thing to be found in the "Vanity of Human Wishes."

Boswell, we see, thinks that much of the sentiment and expression of Goldsmith's poem were derived from Johnson; but I am bound to think the contrary. Johnson seems to have imbibed some of the glowing ease and energy of "The Traveler," and infused them into the lines which he has added to the poem. Those lines are, indeed, as radiantly solemn as an Autumn sunset. But mark the effect of Goldsmith's couplet. If a flash of lightning should leap from the sunlit clouds, it could not be more startling.

Every body who is fond of poetry has Goldsmith's poems in his library, or on his center-table, and the leaves are generally well thumbed. The principal part of his prose works, though graceful in diction, have become obsolete, if we except the "Vicar of Wakefield" and a few essays. His prose, however, is equal in every respect to Johnson's, and will as long hold the esteem of the public.

Boswell, and the rest of that clique, seemed, as I have intimated, to delight in depreciating the merits of Goldsmith. They could not help allowing him talent as a poet; but they would not give him credit for any thing else that was good in him. If we are to believe "Bozzy," "Goldy" had no merits at all as a talker. Yet we find nowhere that he was so generally feeble in his conversation as Boswell. What do you think, for instance, of the conduct of Boswell on his first introduction to his idol? Let him tell the story himself, thus:

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to Johnson. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch [Bozzy was a Scotchman], of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Davies, do n't tell where I came from!' 'From Scotland!' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I can not help it.'"

Could Goldsmith, or even any man of common intelligence, have conducted himself so idiotically? The relentless autocrat, however, would have no mercy on the humble wretch, who stood trembling before him, and stunned him with a heavy blow.

"That, sir, I find," said he, "is what a very great many of your countrymen can not help."

Davies—another individual who was fond of belittling Goldsmith's conversational powers—was much delighted with the embarrassment Johnson's retort caused the Scotchman, and afterward told the anecdote to a crowd of Johnson's admirers. But he spoiled the whole point of the story in the telling of it. He made Boswell say, "I was *born* in Scotland," instead

of "I came from Scotland," so that Johnson's saying, "That, sir, is what a great many of your countrymen can not help," lost its pith and marrow.

It is an old saying that children and fools often ask questions that confound the wisest heads. Johnson found an exemplification of the adage in the frequent absurd inquiries of his friend Boswell; as, for instance: "What would you do, sir," said Boswell to him, one day, "if you were shut up in a tower with a baby?"

I can imagine the astonishment of the great moralist at this question. The utter absurdity of the idea must have set his grand brain on a "wild-geese chase!"

They might smile at Goldy's innocent manner, his diffidence in conversation, and his stammering; but there are no instances on record of such a "powerful lack of wit" in the poet's conversation as we have seen in the case of Boswell and Davies. When he did speak, he uttered good things.

Boswell records some club-talk, in which Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others, were engaged; and I do not see but that Goldsmith "held his own" with the best of them. As a matter of course, Johnson would go sounding on with his powerful voice—to which *he* was as fond of listening as any one—and drown the insignificant squeak of poor "Noll;" but when Noll *did* manage to worry in a bit of a sentence edgewise, it was a gem in its way. None of them need have been ashamed of it, even if unwilling to hear it.

Boswell tells us a good deal, too, about Goldsmith's dress; and other biographers hint somewhat that his contemporaries were in the habit of judging of the character of our gentle poet by the color and fashion of his clothing. But what foolishness does the attempt to read his character in this manner appear! One day you might have seen him in plush breeches, peach-colored coat, and variegated neck-tie, his wig and cue all that fashion demanded—the next day, in rags and in jail for debt.

He did not set his heart upon dress at any time. When he adorned his person, it was because he had the means to do so, and believed he ought to purchase the very best; and not because his mind was foppish and swayed by the flimsy feelings of the fashionable and the gay.

Boswell was foolish enough to endeavor to persuade Posterity that Goldsmith was "buckish" and vain, because he once appeared in plush attire. He shall not read for me, from any phase of his dress, the character of my favorite wit.

Be it remembered, that was a special occasion when Goldsmith came out in plush, to the astonishment of Boswell, Dr. Johnson, and other men of "valor in learning," and flourished his brand-new wig in their presence. If I remember rightly, it was the night when his play of "She Stoops to Conquer" was to be put on the stage. Johnson and the others were going with Goldsmith, to see it produced, and give it the advantage of their presence and favor; and Goldy, feeling hilarious, dressed himself in an unusually brilliant style, as became an author whose comedy had been accepted.

Those who saw Goldsmith and his companions walking the streets of London that evening, in the direction of the theater, no doubt saw a peculiar company. There was Bozzy, a well-habited gentleman, neither over nor under dressed—of medium height and compact build—a fair representative of the Scotch laird. There was Johnson, of giant form, heavy features, majestic eye—rolling in his gait, like a balloon on the point of ascension—dressed in rough, brown clothes, his unkempt wig awry, and his chapeau put on any way in careless mood—swinging his big cane savagely, and talking right and left, like a philosopher from the wilds. And there was Goldy, in his magnificent plush suit and splendidly dressed wig—the "admired of all admirers,"—strutting proudly and listening impatiently to the ceaseless moralizing of the irrepressible Dr. Sam, as though anxious to slip in a bit of dry humor himself. It was a rare company—those three—one which can be seen but seldom, and one which, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," I could gaze on forever, as 't were!

But who, on that great occasion, could read Goldy from his dress breeches?

A stranger, on beholding him, accoutered as he was, would have said: See yon vain fop, walking with the fine gentleman and the uncouth countryman! And yet it was in this very superficial manner that Boswell and other intimate acquaintances of Goldsmith's criticised him—and read him!

I have shown how deficient were these contemporaries of Goldsmith in a proper appreciation of his character. Posterity, though it has had no Boswell to set down his every word, and photograph in language his every look and act, will yet be able, from some portion of Goldy's history, to do justice to his conversational qualities—to that genial and generous nature that never saw a human being suffer without a pang that went both to his heart and his pocket.

Thackeray, in his lectures on the British Hu-

morists, has set the example of praising many of the good qualities of my favorite author; and, if I had the genius of Thackeray, I think I could expose and explain traits in the character of Goldy that have not yet been brought out by his biographers and admirers as strongly as they might be.

The time has gone by when Boswell's sneers at this fine-hearted man will have any influence on any honest and earnest reader, and when the witty but irrelevant antithesis of a Garrick—

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

will be held as truthful. The author of "The Deserted Village," that sweetest poem in any language, floats into the ken of every oncoming age a brighter and better man than in his own.

Brighter as a poet and a wit. Better, with all his failings, in those good and lovable qualities which make man a noble creature on this dreary earth, and fit him for the companionship of the glorious and the beautiful in the world beyond!

THE CHINOOK JARGON AND THE OREGON INDIANS.

MYSELF. What do you call this lingo that I hear you and the Indians use? It can not be a language, for I notice that you plentifully interlard it with English words; and, more strange still, I fancy that I can detect some of the small change so universally current among thieves and black-legs, and as a coinage known by the name of "Thieves' Latin," in your mixed talk. I am curious to know something about this very remarkable *jaw*; for I will not consent to call it a *speech*.

He. You are right; it is not a language. And yet, as you perceive, it is a medium of communication between the white and red races all over Oregon. It was invented by the early settlers to facilitate the progress of commerce in this remote region, and among these savage peoples. It is neither fish, flesh, nor red herring; neither Indian nor English; but a sort of gibberish, or jargon, and certainly the lowest attempt at spoken language with which I am acquainted. It is just the kind of cryptic which one might suppose the gorilla folk would utter if they had vocal organs.

Myself. I can not see why it was invented at all. The Indian language, mean and limited as it is at the best, would be more expressive, and more readily acquired, I should think. This base coinage is a wrong done to the majesty of human utterance. It is unspeakably base and degrading.

He. True again; but these early settlers did not care to learn the various languages of the various tribes of Indians which are located in this territory; for it is a singular fact, that in Oregon and Washington there are upward of forty tribes "habitated"—if I may coin another new word in this connection—no two of which, however nearly their lodges may be located, have a precise sameness of language. You will see, therefore, that the invention of some sort of a vocal utterance was a necessity of the place and circumstance. And what better than this promiscuous jargon could be expected from white ignorance and red savagery?

Myself. 'T is a misfortune, nevertheless; and one day we shall have the philosophers at loggerheads about it. These "Thieves'-Latin" words, these diabolical mud-gutturals, these pilferings from the patois of the streets and stables and beggars' kennels, these robberies of the European slang speeches, shuffled abominably together with Indian words, of which the lingo is composed, present an example of philological fornication which has no match in all the bestialities of that copulation to be found in the history of language.

He. I grant that speech is given to exalt and ennoble man, not to corrupt and degrade him; but it is done—the mischief I know is done, and there is no help for it but death. It will die out one day, and before long, too. The Indians are perishing like leaves in the Autumn forests; and the intruding tides of immigration are fast sweeping away all traces of those early settlers who found it necessary to make a language in order that they might understand and be understood by their neighbors.

Myself. Only think of the immeasurable gulf that separates this Yahoo jaw from the noble, all-seeing, all-comprehending English language—the language of Shakspeare and the Bible.

He. Do n't mention it. Mine gorge rises at the thought.

Myself. What do they call the jargon?

He. The Chinook.

Myself. Let me hear you speak it, so that I may set down the words.

He. Kah-ta yock-a name mi-ka il-la-he? That means, "What country are you from?" Pok-a mi-ka ca-po o-cook men? means "Is that your brother?" Kah sun mi-ka cha-ko: "At what hour?" Sit-cum sun: "At noon." Coqua sit-cum sun: "In the morning." Ten-as-sun, or a-lip-sun: "Early." Mi-ka cum-tux Spokane wa-wa: "Do you understand Spokane?" Spokane nah mi-ka: "Are you a Spokane?" Copa tum-water: "To Oregon City." Copa

Poteland: "To Portland." Nah mit lite mi-ka ka-nim: "Have you a boat?" Na-wit-ka: "Yes." Nah close ni-ka clat-a-wa copa mi-ka: "Can I go with you?" Kata yock-a name: "What country?" Clat-a-wa al ta, cha-co tamal-la: "Go away till to-morrow."

Myself. In your talk with that big Indian chief, with the zig-zag blue and red marks on his face, just before we had our dinner, I noticed that you used the words mem-mook and muck-a-muck, and that the former word seemed to have two or three meanings. Is the "language," as you call it, really so poor as that?

He. I asked how to make a fire, thus: Mem-mook pi-a. "To boil the water:" Sic mem-mook lip-lip chuck. "To cook the meat: Mem-mook pi-a o-cook it-lu-il. 'T is as you say a beggarly speech; but it answers its purpose. I'm a utility man, you see.

Myself. Let me hear some more of these villainies.

He. Wash o-cook la-pla: "Wash the dishes."

Myself. La-pla! Come now, that is impudent. La is stolen from the French, I suppose, and pla is a corruption of plate—is n't it so?

He. I dare say it is. There are bits of all sorts in this hodge-podge; and la-pla stands for a plate, a cup, a saucer, or a vessel of any kind. "Kah" is the interrogative sign. Copa kah: "In what?" Copa o-cook la-pla: "In that vessel." "Pi-a" means fire, steam, heat, etc. Lo-lo o-cook lack-a-set co-pa pia-ship: "Carry this trunk to the steamboat." O-cook means "this," "that," "the," etc. Mi-ka tick-ey ma-kook o-cook salmon: "Will you sell that salmon?"

Wake means "No;" and wake si-ah, "A short distance." Here is a specimen of the jargon in a traffic doing. After asking the Indian if he will sell a salmon, the Indian asks, Clax-ta: "Which of them?" The reply is, O-cook hi-as salmon: "That large one." Ic-ta mi-ka pot-latch, or con-ze-a: "For how much?" Ni-ka pot-latch shoes: "I'll give you a pair of shoes." Wake: "No." Ni-ka pot-latch let coat: "I'll give you a coat." Pus-sis-y: "A blanket." Se-ca-lux: "A pair of pants." Wake co-qua ni-ka tick-ey tol-la: "No, I want money." Nika pot-latch moxt bit: "I'll give you two bits." No; he won't take two bits; but he says: Is-cum o-cook moxt pe pot-latch quin-im bit: "Take the two for five bits." Muck-a-muck means bread, meat, game, any thing eatable. Yock-qua mit-lite mi-ka muck-a-muck: "Here is some meat." Yock-qua mit-lite sapi-lal muck-a-muck: "Here is some bread." La-see, "a saw;" la-hash, "an ax." The same form of words is used for "good morning,

friend," "good evening," "good day"—sic: Kla-how-iam-six. Ict tol-la: "A dollar." Nah? ol-o mi-ka: "Are you hungry?" Nah? ol-o chuck mi-ka: "Are you thirsty?" Na-wit-ka: "Yes."

Myself. Not a very attractive language, I think. And yet, I dare say I shall find it useful before I leave these hunting-grounds. But it really grieves me to think that it is so barren and limited. It is made to express wants, and "to get along" with; and 't is a pity that those early settlers you speak of did not also invent a language for the expression of ideas and the transmission of history. Are there any words in the lingo which stand for any thing higher than muck-a-muck?

He. "Good Spirit" and "Sah-ha-le Ti-ee," which last means God, are the only words I am acquainted with which go out of the range of muck-a-muck; and yet there are one thousand words in the jargon.

Myself. It would be worth while to set to work and invent a few thousand more words, to teach these poor savages who it was paid salvage for them, and how they may receive the benefit of that priceless benefaction. If one thousand words can be invented to express beaver and muck-a-muck, ten thousand, or more, can be invented to paint the picture of Christianity and proclaim the Gospel of the blessed Christ.

He. You would find it hard work, and it would take a good many years to complete the vocal formula.

Myself. How many years since those early settlers began to make the Chinook tongue?

He. Perhaps thirty-five.

Myself. And how long do you think it would take to add to it the requisite words to represent the Christian story and the plan of salvation? If we had the old Jesuit zeal, courage, energy, and indomitable will in us, another thirty years would give the New Testament to all those forty tribes you spoke of awhile ago as inhabiting Oregon and Washington, in what might then be called the Theo-Chinook language. It would be a great and almost a divine work to graft upon the rude, coarse, brutal basis of the Chinook, the Christian architecture of the Gospels. I believe it could be done. It only wants faith and hard work.

He. I have lived a good deal, as you know, among these savages, and I have very little hope that any thing could be done with those portions of them, at all events, who have been, and are, in continual contact with the white races. I am ashamed to own it, but we have built up a wall of adamant between them and

the Gospel, and have dug around and about it a deep moat of corruption and abominable uncleanness. We Christians, so called, have done this wicked thing for these wild, untutored Indians, and they are lost beyond all hope of redemption. The savages further north are more likely, as they have seen but little yet of the white man, and think they are far superior to him in numbers and in warlike deeds. These may be reached, for they are, so far as I have seen them, a teachable and quick-witted people; but for the rest, I give them up.

Myself. I am well aware of the truth of what you say about the Oregon and Washington Indians who speak the Chinook, and the difficulties, I know, are immense; but they are nothing to the man who has the true faith in him, and God for his helper. There are many such alive, thank God! and some who read this will yet offer themselves for the work, and say to this mountain, "Be ye cast into the sea;" and the brine shall cover it.

GOOD MANNERS.

CERTAIN well-defined traits of character mark the true lady or gentleman the world over; and among these, good manners are never wanting in due prominence. One's bearing in society involves his or her happiness too much, not to speak of the happiness of others, ever to be a matter of indifference. The relations and dependencies of life are such as to demand those courtesies and amenities which give to the social circle its attraction and charm. In fact, society depends for its enjoyment, if not for its existence, largely on the genial affections of the heart. "There is no society to be kept up in the world," observes Addison, "without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding."

Good manners imply more than mere ceremony, mere attention to established forms. The habitual observance of certain conventional rules and usages does not make a lady or gentleman. Some degree of formality is necessary in conducting our relations and intercourse one with another; but there must be with it some heart, some genuine, felt love for our kind, otherwise we can neither be the instruments or recipients of enjoyment in the social circle. To impart or receive pleasure in society, there must be at least "the flow of soul," if not "the feast of reason." We may admire this or that person

for special accomplishments of manner, style, and conversation; but if these are seen and felt to be merely artificial, not at all involving the affections, we can never love the same. No gifts of mind, nor elegance of person, nor propriety of personal bearing, can compensate for the want of heart in company. It is only the heart that can touch and impress the heart. A warm, confiding soul is the element of all enjoyment and pleasure in the social world; and where this is there can be no stiffness, no studied formalism of manner or language. In his intense loathing of empty, heartless forms in society, the great bard has not untruthfully said:

"Ceremony

Was devised at first to set a gloss

On faint deeds, hollow welcomes;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none."

Good manners originate in good sense and good nature. The one perceives the obligations we owe to society, while the other heartily accords and enforces them. Formed for society by the very conditions of our nature, our interests and happiness in life are necessarily in what we contribute to its aggregate good; hence it is our interest, as it should be pleasure, to do all in our power to promote the social well-being of our fellows. No one is independent of society in the matter of his happiness and comfort. All rational enjoyment is contingent on the observance of the social law of our being; for

"Man in society is like a flower

Blown in its native bed. 'T is there alone

His faculties, expanded in full bloom,

Shine out, there only reach their proper use."

Those who shun society, or who fail to bear themselves in it with reference to its entertainment and pleasure, do so by default of either good sense or good nature, or both, because they thus cut themselves off from the chief source of human enjoyment, not to speak of the wrong they thereby do to others. The soul that feels the genial touch of nature, the stirring of noble sentiments and feelings within, acts in the social world for the joy and comfort of its fellow-souls, as well as for its own; hence the true lady or gentleman is always courteous and pleasant, affable and kind. Good sense and good nature both unite to make them so.

"Good manners," says Swift, "is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in company." "Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life!" exclaims Sterne; "for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 't is ye who open the

door and let the stranger in." Thomson, in speaking of social obligations and the bearing of their observance on our happiness, sums up nearly all the philosophy of life in the following beautiful, touching lines :

"Hail, social life ! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common stock
My share of service, and, in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys."

Good manners constitute the most valuable of earthly possessions. All may have them by the cultivation of the affections, and none without it. Only for the few are learning and genius, wit and beauty, wealth and fame ; but good manners, with their dowry of happiness, are for all who are willing to pay the price of self-culture. That lady lives not, whatever her station in life, but who, by amiable temper, pleasant words, and kind acts, may shed light and comfort on the hearts and homes of earth. That man is yet to be born who may not possess those elements of power, if true to the obligations of his being, which brighten and bless human society. There is a wealth of affection and kindness in every human heart, if properly developed ; and the development and expenditure of the same in social life is a duty we, at once, owe to ourselves and the world.

"For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest."

THROUGH THE FIRE TO GOD.

OUT of the howling burning,
The fierce and terrible burning,
The sudden and deadly burning,
Gone up to God !

Noble and brave was my love,
Tender and true was my love,
Gentle and sweet was my love—
Generous to all.

But he gave to his own
Love like the Master's own ;
What he was to his own
God only knows.

He was my glory crown,
His beauty my glory crown,
His goodness my glory crown—
He was my sun.

His smile was light to me,
His strength was staff to me,
His love was life to me—
My life has fled.

Resting in peace by him—
Blest, O so blest in him—

What, what has startled him
Out of his bed ?

Ha ! is our home on fire ?
O, is the sky on fire ?
Through that wild sea of fire
Me safe he bore.

Back then he headlong rushed ;
Faster the wild fire rushed ;
The fell tornado rushed,
Roaring in rage.

Thick closed the fire and smoke,
Hot, stifling soot and smoke ;
Wild fire and soot and smoke
Wrapped him from sight.

One choked "good-bye" I heard ;
One anguished cry I heard ;
Then Christ's dear name I heard
Uttered with joy.

Christ Jesus, not alone,
In fiery death alone,
Crossed he the bound alone,
Out of the world.

OVER AND GONE.

EARTHWARD the warm, near sky had drooped
Its folds of soft blue drapery,
As if the Indian Summer stooped
To kiss the restful world good-bye.

The red, round sun, with muffled light,
Made tawny tints through azure haze ;
The shy brown quail, screened from our sight,
Piped soft amid the shocks of maize.

This sweetness was but yesterday ;
Now chill and gloom its place supply ;
The earth is brown, the clouds are gray,
And sullen breezes moan and sigh.

The light air-woven veil of blue,
That hid the hills in dreamy doubt,
Last night the rude winds tore in two,
And cold rains dashed the color out.

After fair hope, despondency—
After our joy some grief appears ;
But oft faith's shining heights we see
The clearer after nights of tears.

HALLOW ALL THINGS

IF in our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

The Children's Repository.

THE HOME SOCIETY.

FROST-PICTURES.

IT was resolved that the Home Society should meet once a week, and Monday evening was chosen as the one least likely to be interrupted. Mother was the President, though she did not preside exactly like the presidents of most scientific associations. She commonly brought out her yarn-bag and stocking-basket on these occasions; and it always made it seem more cozy and cheery, to have her sit there in her low rocker, sewing and chatting all at once. Mary was quite sure to be crocheting and Nelly petting her white kitten, while Clarence cut pretty brackets out of cigar-boxes, letting the chips fall into a small basket he kept on his knee.

The object of this Home Society was to teach the children to think, to reason, and to observe intelligently the every-day things about them. Mother was a woman of sound, strong sense, and had worked hard, when a poor girl, to get an excellent education, which should fit her well for a teacher. Were you ever thankful that you had a plain, sensible mother, rather than one whose whole soul was taken up in fashion and folly? Your chances of success are a thousand to one if you have such a good mother. Who ever heard of a great man whose mother was a fashionable butterfly?

The frost-pictures on the window-panes suggested, this evening, a subject of study.

"It seems to me I never saw them so beautiful as they were this morning," said Clarence. "I could hardly see out of my window for them, and they seemed to be in every shape—long, graceful feathers, whole forests of pine-trees, with towers and castles among them. It looked like fairy-land. But why were there no pictures on the hall windows, mother?"

"Let us first see what causes the pictures," said mother, "then we may see the reason of there being none in the hall, and the unused chambers. Our breath, in our sleeping-rooms, creates a damp atmosphere. This floats about until it comes in contact with the cold window-pane, which instantly condenses it. In warmer weather it stands like drops of dew on the glass; but in freezing weather it is turned into the thinnest possible ice. Here you have a

chance of seeing the beautiful crystals which the ice shoots, and the thousand different forms it takes. Look as long as you please, you can never find two that are precisely alike.

"If you breathe on a looking-glass, you can see the moisture condense in a moment, forming a little mist over it; so if you hold a cold spoon or knife before the boiling tea-kettle spout. In the hall and the rooms not used there was no moisture to condense, so the panes are clear."

"I should think the more people there were in a room, the more moisture there would be," said Mary.

"That is very true, though we do not notice it except on the window-panes, or on cold glasses, or something of the kind brought into the room. On these we shall often see the water dripping down like a little shower. You may make a little rain-fall by holding a cold glass near the tea-kettle spout when boiling, and allowing the moisture to condense on its sides. You may keep the glass cold by wrapping it in a towel dipped in ice-water.

"I have even heard of a snow-fall in a large Paris ball-room, which had been very crowded and heated. The moisture had risen to the lofty ceiling, and a current of cold air been let in from the upper part of the windows, which happened to make just the right combination of causes to produce snow. It terrified the people very much to see the snow falling, right through the roof, as they supposed, on their beautiful ball-dresses. Many fancied the last day had come. When people waste their time and money in such sinful frivolity, they are always ready to tremble at the shaking of a leaf. Who can tell me a text which illustrates this?"

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion," said Mary.

"That is a very good one," said mother. "Now, can any of you think of any other circumstances in which this invisible moisture becomes visible?"

"Is it that which makes us see our breath, like a little cloud, before our faces, when we go out on cold mornings?" asked Clarence.

"Yes; while in a warm room we do not see the breath coming from our lips. But it is

there just the same. When we step out into the cold, it is at once condensed into steam; then we can see it."

"My veil is often frozen stiff when I get to school," said Mary.

"And my hair is often fringed with frost," said Clarence; "but I never supposed it came from my breath."

"The beautiful hoar-frost we see sometimes in the morning arises from a similar cause. The fog and vapor that hover over the ground are suddenly condensed by the sharp frost and turned into myriads of crystals, as dry as dust. What is our verse about the hoar-frost? You know that, Nelly dear."

"He scattereth his hoar-frost like ashes; who can stand before his cold?" said the little one.

"That is right," said mother, approvingly. "I love to see you remember our verses so well. Now, there is another place in which you have often seen this moisture show itself without, I presume, even thinking of the cause. You know how easy it is to trace the outline of the river away off through the fields and woods on chilly Spring or Fall mornings. You have been accustomed to call it the fog arising from the water. The fact is, that the coldness of the situation condenses the moisture in the air, and so makes it visible. All the time the earth is sending up this moisture, though mostly unseen by us until it gets very high in the atmosphere. What form does it take then?"

"Clouds," answered the children.

"Yes, and these clouds give rain again, to be taken up as before. You know when the hot sun keeps drawing up the moisture, day after day, without the clouds giving it back again, how parched and dry the earth becomes. If it lasts very long, a fearful drought is the result, and all plants and shrubs would soon perish.

"Our little glass box of mosses is a miniature world, in which we can watch this process go on every day. You have all seen the moisture rise and settle on the glass, to drop down again on the beautiful plants. It is so closed that but little of the moisture passes off into the air of the room. It has needed but little water this Winter, yet all the mosses are very thrifty.

"I think we may take up this subject of evaporation again, and see some of the uses it may be applied to. If you will, all of you, study it up a little, I will try to do the same."

Mother rolled up her last pair of stockings and put her needle into the cushion, and the children knew that this was a signal for them to follow her example and put up their work for the evening. But they all felt they had learned

something of interest, which they should never forget; and that it was a great deal pleasanter to get knowledge from mother's conversation than from school-books alone.

A SULTRY DAY.

IT was such a close, sultry day that Miss Maynard scarcely wondered that her scholars were restless and uneasy. Glancing round, she saw a hand raised.

"What is it, Frank?"

"Please, ma'am, may I get a drink?"

"The pail is nearly empty, I believe; but if you wish, you and Albert Drake can go to the spring for some fresh water."

The eyes of these favored boys twinkled with delight as they rose from their hard seats.

"Don't be gone long, boys," added Miss Maynard; "for many of your little companions, I see, would like a cooling drink."

One class had recited, and another was called up; but still the boys did not make their appearance. The children became more restless and impatient. First one and then another little neck was stretched up to glance out of the window. Finally, the boys came in sight, and placed the pail of water on the bench in the passage-way.

As they entered the school-room, Miss Maynard gave them a grave, pained look, which caused Albert to hang his head in shame. Frank, however, trying to appear as if nothing unusual was the matter, caught up his book and joined his class in geography. But his mind was in such a wandering state that he answered at random, and missed nearly every question that was asked him.

"Master Frank, you are to remain after school," said the teacher.

"Who cares? I've had all the fun I want, to-day," muttered Frank, as he returned to his seat.

As Miss Maynard turned her eyes from him, they rested for a moment upon Albert Drake. His countenance bore a far different aspect; conscience was at work, and it was so self-evident that he felt pained at having disobeyed his kind teacher, that she merely said, as he was passing out from school at its close:

"I am sorry, very sorry, Albert, that you have done wrong. I thought I could trust you."

The poor, wearied teacher then returned to her desk, and patiently waited until Frank had his lesson. At first he watched the children as long as they were in sight; then he amused himself catching flies.

"Frank, will you please pay attention to your lesson?"

Frank looked up at his teacher, and then bent his head over his book; but it was only for a few seconds. Something else had arrested his attention, and caused him to become oblivious to the duty before him. The air grew more sultry, and a thunder-storm seemed approaching. Frank, heedless of all, idled his time until a faint moan fell upon his ear, that startled him. Miss Maynard, was bending over her desk, supporting her aching head with both hands. Frank, who was not altogether heartless, and realizing how thoughtless he had been, fixed his mind upon his lesson, and was soon able to repeat it correctly.

"Will you now tell me what kept you out so long this afternoon, Frank? It was probably the cause of your imperfect lesson and detention. It always grieves me to see my pupils disobedient, and obliged to be kept in."

The kind teacher said not a word as to her own discomfort in thus being kept after school hours, or of her suffering at that moment from a throbbing head and aching side.

Frank thoughtfully realized it, and now felt ashamed of his conduct.

"I am sorry, Miss Maynard, that you have had to stay after school on my account; I might have said my lesson right in the first place, for I had it well enough."

"That may be; but one error generally leads to another, and your mind was wandering out of doors while the class was reciting. But, Frank, you have not yet told me what kept you so long?"

Frank looked embarrassed, then said: "My foot stumbled, and the pail was upset, so we had to go after more water; and it was rather hard work lugging it twice to the school-house."

"If it was an accident, then you were both excusable," said Miss Maynard, not noticing Frank's looks, or how he winced at her kind words.

Putting on her things, and fastening the school-house door, it was with slow and feeble steps she turned toward her home; but ere she reached it, the long-threatening storm burst with violence, and completely drenched her.

Albert Drake had anxiously watched the gathering storm, for he knew Miss Maynard was to be detained by Frank Wilson. And, somehow, he could not quite forget her pale looks all the afternoon, or how grieved she seemed as she said, "I thought I could trust you."

"Yes; it was because she thought she could trust me as a steady boy, that she let me go with Frank," mentally said Albert; "yet now

I have betrayed her confidence, and pained her, for nothing. For, after all, there was not much real pleasure in idly watching the duck go into the water. And then our squabbling and upsetting the pail only made harder work, so I was actually more heated than before I went out. I do hope our teacher will not lose all confidence in me; anyhow, to-morrow I'll ask her forgiveness."

Poor Albert was indeed restless and uneasy. When the storm descended, he wondered if Miss Maynard had reached home in safety; then, fearing she must have got wet, he blamed himself for Frank's wandering mind, and inattention to his Geography lesson. These and other thoughts made him silent and indifferent to play; and so he was among the first to take his seat in school the following morning. When the monitress rang the bell, the hum of merry voices around her ceased; and soon all were quietly awaiting their beloved teacher.

But why does she linger, when always so punctual? The clock is consulted, and the door watched by eager, anxious little faces. Some one, at last, does enter; but it is not Miss Maynard, but the village doctor.

"Children," said he, "I have come to tell you that your teacher is very ill. She was most worn out teaching; and yesterday, when far from well, she was detained so as to be caught in the thunder-shower. Too feeble to hasten home, she became thoroughly chilled; and now lies in a high fever."

The children, with awed looks, glanced at one another, some bending their heads and sobbing audibly.

"I think, as it is Friday," added the doctor, "you had better all quietly return to your homes until Monday; when, if Miss Maynard is still too ill to fill her place, some other arrangement will be made for you." He then turned away.

For a few seconds not a sound was heard but the sobbing of the children, among whom was Albert Drake, though he had often ridiculed tears as unmanly and babyish. But now he thought only of having grieved his dear teacher when she had trusted in him, and being indirectly the cause of her chilling walk through the thunder-storm. Frank, too, was conscience-smitten as he recalled her moan of pain, and pale, throbbing head, which she feebly supported with both hands.

"O, how could I have been so disobedient and thoughtless? On such a suffocating day, too, when I knew a thunder-storm was brewing. I shall never forgive myself if she does not get better," thought Frank.

Ah, Frank, you may well say, "If she does

not get better;" for, alas! how many repentances come too late to ease our own hearts, or that of others!

Days and weeks passed by while Miss Maynard hovered between life and death; and her recovery was so slow that it was long ere she was able to return to her school. In the meantime, Albert Drake was unwearied in little kindly attentions to her; and as soon as she could bear the fatigue of seeing company, he sought her forgiveness for disobeying her wishes and idling his time. Frank, too, confessed that he had not told the exact truth as to their delay in returning from the spring, and resolved to be more trustworthy in future.

During these anxious weeks, many of the children recalled their delinquencies, and wished they had been kinder and more attentive to their gentle, loving teacher. And as they crowded round to welcome her back, they promised to be good and obedient, and thus make the task of teaching to her as easy as possible.

"Thank you, dear children," she sweetly replied, "I am pleased to hear you say so; but I trust you will do so not only for my sake, but also for the sake of *all* the teachers you may have ere your education is complete. Then, too, you will find that it adds to your own happiness; for it will be fulfilling the command, *"Bear ye one another's burdens."*

THE BLUEBIRDS.

THE bluebird is a Summer resident of the whole of the United States, but spends the Winter in the South and toward the tropics. It is said, however, that considerable numbers winter as far north as Tennessee; and instances have been known of their remaining in Ohio. But these cases are very rare; and when they do occur, the birds become very tame, harboring about the house and stable for protection and food. They usually return here, from their Winter retreats, about the first week in March. I noticed them in my garden in Pomeroy, for the first time this year, on the 16th of March.

The bluebird builds its nest in a hollow tree, when such is at hand; but it seems to be pleased with, and readily occupies, a box prepared for its use. A very neat and pleasing effect may be produced by hanging gourds in the orchard trees, with holes in them just large enough for the birds to enter. They will soon find and take possession of them; and, having once occupied them, they will return to them year after year. But he is not always a conscientious observer of the rights of others. This is proven

by his taking possession, as he often does, of the martin-house in the absence of its legal owner. This looks bad for the morals of the bluebird; but as I do not fully understand the "constitutions" of their government, I can not say that it is illegal in bird-law. Perhaps they have a "Bureau of abandoned boxes," under whose sanction they proceeded. However this may be, the martins do not always submit quietly to the arrangement, and furious fighting ensues. But I have never known a case in which the intruder was ejected after he had obtained possession.

He has another moral defect, which may possibly have been imbibed in consequence of his neighborhood to a more lordly race of beings. He is notoriously jealous of his mate, as may be seen by his actions at any time after pairing. Whether madam gives him any cause for his jealousy, I am not prepared to say, nor what lectures she may give him in private. So far as the public can judge, she is a model of fidelity. You may see Mr. Bluebird, any day, after one of his jealous fits, and a contest with his supposed injurer, making up with his indignant spouse by offering her the nicest kind of a big fat grub, and caressing her with more than a lover's devotion. Could this foible be the effect of his imitative faculty and his facility for peering through glass windows?

These beautiful little birds, I believe, are not charged with doing much damage to the farmer or gardener; and for this reason, as well as for their beauty and their merry songs, they are pretty generally tolerated, and even cherished, by all except those whose inborn cruelty of disposition impels them to destroy whatever beautiful thing God has endowed with life, and made to give and enjoy happiness. Yet I am sure but very few appreciate them at their true value as the ordained destroyers of noxious insects. When people generally come to realize the yearly spreading devastation of our orchards, our fields, and our forests even, by the ever-increasing swarms of noxious insects which devour them, and that the only remedy as yet discovered in all the resources of nature is in the instincts of birds, their protection and multiplication will be demanded by the sentiment of the beautiful and by patriotism alike. And when this good time comes, few will hold a warmer place in the affections of all good people than our little friend, the bluebird. The larger portion of its food consists of beetles and other kinds of insects, and the quantity consumed is almost incredible. I must, therefore, bespeak for these beautiful and beneficent helpers of man his consideration and protection.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

ITALIAN LIFE.—The Rev. J. B. Faulks, of the Newark Conference, thus gives his impressions of Italy in the *New York Advocate*:

The railway system is excellent. As a test of patience I have known a train to move as rapidly as twelve miles an hour. The most trying feature is the difficulty of taking leave of a station after once stopping. They do not seem to understand how small a thing it is to halt at a depot and then to proceed. They must come up with gravity, open forty carriage-doors, then wait, and delay, and consult, and blow a trumpet, making a certain, if not a solemn, sound; then drive the passengers in, and shut the doors and fasten them; then tarry, then ring the bell, closing with three taps, then whistle, and, if no one objects, the train slowly moves away, to repeat the same discipline on good and bad alike at the next station. But it must be owned that several of the roads are marvels of engineering skill; that bridges are so constructed that trains pass *over* and not through them; and that it is considered improper to kill passengers on their journeys.

"The coarse arts" in Italy do not bear a just proportion to "the fine arts," or else some are left to be coarse that ought to be ranked "fine"—bread-making, for instance. Must we call it the land of fine art and of sour bread? Charming pictures, breathing statuary, and beautiful things in abundance; but, alas, in the land of Raphael and Angelo a loaf of pure, sweet bread is almost as rare as a fine painting in a frontier settlement. The art of domestic life is not well appreciated. There would be more good bread were there more bread-makers at home. But the *cafe* and the *trattoria* are left to do poorly what the housewife should be able to do or to have done well. Home to many is scarcely more than a place to sleep in.

The Italians are always interesting; but they would rather be poetic or picturesque than be *clean*. Therefore, keep your distance, stranger. I partly blame the priests for the physical uncleanness of the nation. One mission of pure religion is to teach man to wash and be clean; and the heart that is sprinkled from an evil conscience usually dwells in a body washed in pure water. How is this for a formula? A nation can not attain its highest development while its women make sour bread, or no bread at all, and its priests are snuff-takers.

Excepting perhaps Venice, every city in the nation wears an aspect of prosperity. In Bologna I found them proud of their sausages; in Milan, of their beautiful cathedral; but in Florence they were proud of their *schools*. And does not this tell the story of Florentine superiority? Naples, beautiful for situation, takes the lead in squalor, poverty, and absolute filth.

TEA-PARTY SALVATION.—Gail Hamilton is a writer who, in her sharp way, tells a good many truths, and some half-truths, and whose sayings need to be read with grains of allowance. A recent article contributed to the *Independent*, entitled as above, expresses truths which some persons, in some states of mind, may be profited by. It is founded on the incident of a young man who was invited to tea by an elder of a certain Church, who said that he had lived in the city seven years, and that no one in that time had before spoken to him about his soul. Upon this she founds a rather unexpected moral:

Here is a young man who has been seven years in a Church-going city—himself a Church-goer—and says this is the first time any Christian man has spoken to him about his soul. What does he mean? There are churches in that city, there are Young Men's Christian Associations, to which every young man is again and again, and in many ways, welcomed. There are ministers who every Sunday are honestly and earnestly trying to point out to their hearers the way of life. Every word spoken was intended for these young men. They had, moreover, the Bible and all the institutions of a Christian city. Every avenue to the kingdom of heaven was as wide open to them as the clergy and the Church could open it. No elder of any Church can tell them how to become a Christian any better than they can tell themselves. The Bible is his source of information, and a New Testament can be bought anywhere for twenty-five cents. Instead of censuring the neglect of the Churches, I censure the egotism of the young men. It was not that no Christian had spoken to them about their souls, but that no one had taken notice of their special personality. No one had flattered their vanity by addressing them as Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown. They would not join the Church until they had been invited to tea. The young man is egotistic, self-conceited, and as yet very shallow, who

brings this forward as a reason why he has not joined the Church. That is a question for himself to decide. Either it is his duty, or it is not. Society furnishes him with every opportunity of enlightenment on the subject. No man has spoken to him about his soul! But has he spoken to any man about his? The Church member has no more responsibility for the young man's soul than the young man has for the Church member's. Whatever the pulpit says to its elders, it ought ever and ever to say to the young man: "If thou art wise, thou art wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." What the State and the Church want, is not the surging and swaying of the populace, not the blind force of an unreasoning multitude, not the people who go as they are led, but strong individual character; young men and young women who think for themselves; who unite with the Church or remain outside from intelligent conviction, from well-founded principle; men who can give a reason for their hope and their action; who can reject error without becoming disgusted with truth; who can resist temptation without crying to others to resist that which is no temptation; who can do right simply and naturally, without making a scene, and without calling upon by-standers to come and behold how sublimely they are devoting themselves to the cause of Christ; who can stand erect without clamoring to be bolstered up by religious nurses or supported by ecclesiastical standing-stools; who go to Church to worship God, and not to be patted on the back by an elder; who walk the narrow path in stout leathern shoes and with their own oaken staff, and do not need to be escorted along on tiptoe by some sturdier servitor.

Different cases require different treatment. There is no law save the universal law of love and wisdom. Doubtless there are times when a gentle and friendly word falls like balm on the wounded spirit. Blessed is the man who pours in oil and wine. Doubtless there are shrinking and sensitive souls that must be won out of their shadowy solitude into the more healthy sunshine of companionship. There are reckless, rollicking revelers, whom a word may touch, whom a tender solicitude may soften, when sermons and books would glance off and leave them unmoved. But behind all these remains a class whose stock in trade is innuendoes, insinuations, and accusations against the Church; men who want to be coaxed and cajoled; who love the little sensation of standing out and having the Church bemoan itself over its laxity in bringing them in; who reckon themselves a sort of martyr to the neglect of Christians.

To such it seems sometimes as if it would be well to preach the Gospel after another fashion—at least by way of experiment—and say: "Why, go to the devil, if you choose. It is nobody's affair but your own. If you prefer dissipation and death to honor and life, who is the loser? You may bring shame to innocence, and grief to gray hairs; but their trouble is short, and to them joy cometh in the morning. It is your own self, and nobody else, who will bear the sorrow and the scar forever. But you are a free agent. Go your own way. If you prefer to stay out-

side, on a fancied punctilio, rather than come into our hospitality and society; if you think it more manly to stand aloof, and criticise the brethren, than to cast in your lot with them at the risk of being yourself criticised,—do so. If thou art wise, thou art wise for thyself. But do not think that, in so doing, you are rebuking the brethren or approving yourself a martyr. You are but showing yourself a foolish and sentimental young person, who needs, like Mr. Smallweed, a thorough shaking up. You can not yourself think your soul is of any great account, if you will maunder on seven years because nobody happened to speak to you about it."

This may seem a harsh gospel, and we admit that it should not be indiscriminately preached; but we are sure there is a mental fiber that needs it.

GIRLS, LEARN TO WORK.—I do not live in a city, only in a country village; and yet, as I look about me, I see but very few girls that are learning to do any thing except to dress, perhaps do a little fancy work, and practice at the piano. I am happy to say that at the outside of the town it is different, as there are some who do work, and with willing hands, to help earn their living; and why should it not be so? To be sure, no one can expect a girl to accomplish so much as a boy, and they should learn to be refined and lady-like; but they can do this and work too.

How many families we see where the father works hard from morn till night, taking no rest except in the hours of darkness, and the mother tires of the unceasing round of work that must be done, while the children attend school part of the time, and the rest is frittered away in useless amusement!

Ask a girl to do some work, and how quickly an excuse is found, "O, I am so tired!" when they have really been doing nothing to tire them; or, "I do n't like to do that," not thinking that mother must do things for them frequently that are perhaps quite as disagreeable to her; or, "I do not feel well;" yet they are so well that they can walk until late in the evening, with the night dampness on and about them; and if the mother expostulates with them sometimes, and thinks it is not proper for them to go, and denies them the privilege, a scene ensues; the mother is accused of "not wanting them to go anywhere; the other girls are all going," etc., until, perhaps, at last an unwilling consent is given.

Now is this right? Would not these same girls be happier if they learned, commencing when they were small, to do some of the light work to help the mother; and then when they are larger, if the family is small so that the mother does not need their help, let them learn a trade, or do some kind of work, that they may earn their own clothes at least? The idea that it is not respectable for girls to labor is one of the most absurd things in this age of absurdities.

TEACH THE WOMEN TO SAVE.—There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best savings-bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the

women would imbibe it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it; and thus, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house, has a large field to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something, if the effort is made.

TRUST AND TRIUMPH.—A writer in the *Advance* gives the following incident:

"A servant of God lay on his dying bed. That strong body and mind, 'one of a thousand,' had succumbed to the powers of disease. The spirit had been purified so as by fire, and now its poor tenement was fast wasting away. With undisturbed calmness he heard from his faithful physicians the words, 'We can do no more.' Rallying his spirit, already sinking, he said to his wife: 'Darling, you know all. Our days together on earth are numbered, and I must hasten to speak the last words before reason, as well as strength, fails me. From the first of my sickness I felt that my work was done, and in view of it, by Jesus' help, I could say, 'I have fought a good fight; there is laid up for me a crown of life.' Yet for two or three weeks I lay here in great heaviness. My heart so clung to you, darling, and to our little ones, I could not give you up. Often, when you thought me unconscious, my spirit was wrestling in prayer for the grace to say, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done.' One night, as I was praying, Jesus stood close beside me. His face was just as visible to my eyes as is yours, and his voice just as audible to my ear as any human voice I ever heard. He said, 'I take you to myself.' 'But, Lord,' I replied, 'my wife and my children!' Again the voice spoke, 'If I take you, I take them too.' From that moment all my anxiety was gone. My peace has been perfect, like a deep-flowing river. I can leave you, frail in body, with our four helpless little ones to provide for, and with only a mere pittance of earthly goods. Yes, darling, strange as it may seem, I can leave you, without a thought for your future, or even presuming a suggestion. You are not alone; only promise me, promise me that you will accept these wonderful words, just as I have, with an unwavering trust."

"We believe there are many pastors scattered over the wide wastes of our land, especially 'in the front,' whose great life-burden is the thought of leaving wife and children without even a 'small pittance.' This little incident is given in the hope that such may derive from it comfort and strength. This servant had been appointed to a ministry of peculiar trial in some respects. But through it all he followed the true light to the utmost of his power. To be 'simply and wholly bereft of self' was his constant prayer. Not alone did his intellect open to the mystery of that only real Christian philosophy,

but his soul listened to the Master's call, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.' 'Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath can not be my disciple.'

"Thus was this victory gained. If you so learn Christ, a like promise is to you and to yours. Take the comfort of it now. It belongs to you.

"'If I take you, I take them too.' In the fulfilling of that promise He has never failed. In the deep waters of sorrow his strong arm has undergirded the sinking soul. When one resource and another has failed, his supply has been ever at hand, and abundant too."

THE WORK OF EDITING.—One of the curious things about editing is, that about four-fifths of the pious pensters whose contributions have been declined, or even delayed, take personal offense at the editor. They write private reminders that less important and more lengthy articles than theirs have appeared. Sometimes they stop the paper—that is, their copy of it—sometimes they depreciate publishing concerns generally. It is a pretty sure indication of a rejected communication to hear certain literarily ambitious persons criticise their paper. But editors must continue to exercise their impartial judgment on all submitted articles; and this with a view to the interest, profit, and pleasure of their regular readers, rather than to the feelings of writers. Editors should not feel under any special obligations to youth, age, or position, but always to the general good. Any other course would be to waste time and come short of duty. Brief, suggestive articles, free from mere local or personal small-talk, are welcome, especially when written by experienced writers. Such persons are always reasonable.

THE EVENING BEFORE WEDDING.—"I'll tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me," said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this: demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute or express any disagreement. I tell you, never! What begins in mere bantering will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession cost you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other, but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that confidence which will indeed make you as one."

Our Foreign Department.

ONE who closely observes the social relations abroad, is astonished by nothing so much as by the fetters that bind the movements of women in public, and especially those that are unmarried. It is scarcely possible for a young lady of good family to go out alone for a walk of a few hundred yards, without laying herself open to the unkind criticisms of evil tongues. She must always be accompanied by mother, aunt, or chaperon; or must, at least, have a maid to follow her. This, at times, is productive of severe inconvenience, and especially for ladies traveling alone. The modern facilities for travel have set all the world in Europe on the wing, and the fair sex has also been forcibly drawn into this vortex. In many of the vicissitudes of life it is impossible for ladies to have attendants on the journey; but this inconvenience has been largely remedied by ladies' special cars and waiting-rooms at all the principal stations.

All these matters are improvements, as far as they go; but just now there is an agitation in Europe about the introduction of ladies' hotels, for the accommodation of women who are obliged to travel alone. Some prominent literary ladies of Germany are urging the matter with considerable vivacity, and contend that such an arrangement would be but a simple act of justice to many worthy women, such as the wives of public functionaries and military officers, who, not unfrequently, need to follow their husbands to posts to which these are too suddenly called to permit their wives to accompany them. Now, such ladies have no other resort than the most expensive hotels as means of safety, regardless of their purse. Their very arrival in a hotel alone, is a painful moment to sensitively modest women. A crowd of waiters must surround and observe them, their dress, and their baggage, and take it upon themselves to measure their purse and fix their position, and treat them accordingly. If they are young and attractive, waiters are likely to be officious; but if uncomely, they are neglectful. And it is no very pleasant thing for a lady alone to enter a large dining-hall, and run the gauntlet of hundreds of peering eyes, that are only the more unkind from the very fact that the object of their scrutiny has no male protector.

Now, in view of these and many other discomforts likely to annoy ladies traveling without escort, why not have hotels for their special accommodation, at least in large cities? Two desirable objects for women might be attained at the same time: while traveling ladies are rendered much more comfortable and secure, these establishments might be kept by women exclusively; thus affording to them, and a great many young girls, a respectable, appropriate, and remunerative employment. These hotels might stand in a certain relation to each other in various

cities, so that ladies, on leaving one, might take with them the address of another, and thus pass from one to another without the very unpleasant anxiety of stopping in a strange city in uncertainty as to a shelter. *Mrs. Meta Wellmer*, who writes to the German journals on this subject, would also have special hotels for ladies in all the Summer resorts, kept, of course, by persons of unquestioned respectability, who might be vouched for by the municipal officers of the town. She contends that women only can know what a blessing a few quiet homes in these places would be, where ladies might be sure of proper protection and kind treatment. She concludes an earnest appeal to the public, by calling attention to the fact that, all over the civilized world, philanthropists are busy in caring for the poor in hospitals, cloisters, and public institutions; and she now demands that a little attention be given to women and maidens of limited incomes, which some of them must earn themselves; so that when they need to travel for the many social demands of their respective relations, the journey may not be fraught with fear and anxiety. We can not but sympathize with this call, and feel that ladies' hotels may not only prove a convenience for those of our own country-women who travel in Europe unattended, but might also find a fitting arena on this side of the water.

THE French, with all their foibles, are quite inclined to make a great display of their virtues, and, not unfrequently, herald them to the world in no retiring terms. In the city of Nauterre, not far from Paris, an annual festival of peculiar character was recently celebrated—it was that of crowning the "*Rosiere*," or Rose-queen; that is, a young lady of many virtues, but one who is specially marked for the purity of her character. This rare flower is found, after much trouble and investigation, by the mayor and the counselors of the town, and always with the aid of the infallible father-confessor. The candidate for the high honor having been chosen, she is clothed in spotless white, and led under a gold-fringed canopy to the mayoralty. Her escort is composed of a band of young people, of whom some represent John the Baptist, and others St. Genevieve. The mayor of Nauterre happened, this time, to be a member of the National Assembly, and took care to be surrounded by a number of his colleagues. He greeted the blushing innocence with a speech full of feeling, and closed by pressing with one hand the wreath of roses on her pure brow, while with the other he placed into her right palm the reward of virtue—a bank-note of five hundred francs. The procession then moved to the church, where the pastor of the parish delivered an affecting discourse about female virtue in general, and with special

reference to that of Armadine Maneienne, the rose-queen of the present year. A solemn high-mass was then read, Parisian singers favored the Assembly with an *Ave Maria*, the organ played some sentimental theatrical airs, and finally the trembling and blushing girl was led to the altar to be introduced to the noble lady who had been chosen to be her protectress through life.

As a matter of pride, this lady is to adorn the innocent girl whom she is to protect; and this year, with her own hands, she placed golden ear-rings in the ears, a golden brooch in the bodice, and hung a golden chain around her neck. When this ceremony was finished a detachment of troops of the line presented arms, and the band indulged in an astounding roll of drums, and clash of brass; and thus the rose-queen is an accomplished fact. In the evening there was a grand ball at the mansion of the lady protectress, where the rose-queen had the honor to be presented personally to Madame Thiers, the wife of the chief of the State, who desired this time to get a near look at the white raven. Thus the State and the parish, the Church and the adornments of art, combined to do honor to this marvel of innocence; for the vestal virgin must indeed be a marvel, when one considers the effort made to obtain one certainly worthy of this high distinction. It would be unkind to the French to say that such are rare among them; but they certainly, by their display on this occasion, lead us to think so.

OUR lady readers will declare us a trifle malicious in the present paragraph, but we can hardly refrain from telling them a little story from the Island of St. Helena, where it seems that the fair sex are unusually given to gossiping, although one might have thought that this passion could scarcely thus have reached this isolated isle of the ocean. It seems, however, to rage there with peculiar virulence; in proof of which assertion we annex a proclamation issued by the magistracy of the town in all earnestness, which runs as follows: "Whereas, many idle, tattling women on the island make it their business, according to their incorrigible custom, to run from house to house to spread all sorts of evil reports detrimental to the character of the better portion of the inhabitants, and thus breed contention not only among neighbors, but frequently between husband and wife, and spread the seeds of discord among families and neighborhoods, to the annoyance and vexation of all peace-loving people; therefore, we announce that, in order to punish all such improprieties, and put an end to contention, as well as to restore the relations of love and friendship, and place them on a firm basis, all women who, from to-day forward, are convicted of gossiping and carrying evil reports from house to house, of indulging in slander and contention, and especially in intoxication or any other notorious vice, shall be either ducked under the water or whipped; or their misdemeanors may be punished in any other way thought advisable by the Governor and the magistracy." We have not yet learned whether the remedy has been

effective, but we sincerely hope it has, for the vice has put men to their wits' end to punish it.

SCHUBERT, the famous song-singer of Austria, and known far and wide among the music-lovers of the world, has shared the fate of the many who have died in poverty because the world failed to appreciate their merits until it was too late to soften their hard lot in this world. He passed poor and unhonored through life, because his contemporaries did not believe in the modest, homeless songster, did not understand the real worth of songs, and did not sing them. Schubert tried but a single concert in Vienna in order to present his works and his harmonies to his fellow-citizens; its success was but middling. The second Schubert concert was gotten up by his friends to pay the expenses of his funeral; this was a success, for his music then received a full recognition, and furnished wreaths of love to adorn his fresh grave. This prince of singers left nothing behind him but a few old clothes, and a variety of debts, both old and new. But he has just reaped the reward of genius. The Vienna Philharmonic Society held a grand concert of Schubert music, and took in about fifteen thousand dollars for a monument to his memory. This monument was recently placed in one of the most beautiful parks of his famous city, and the ceremony of inauguration was honored by the presence of many of the notables in literature, finance, and art. The composer is represented seated with a book on his lap, and a stylus in his hand, under the inspiration of song, and about to commit his creations to paper. In his most exalted moments he would certainly have laughed in the face of him who would have ventured to predict to him such a turn in his fortune, late as it was.

WE hear glowing accounts of the reception of ladies into some of the prominent medical schools of the Continent; but after they have performed their work well, and claimed their degree, they are rather curtly dismissed, with no very complimentary or encouraging words. At the University of Zurich, a lady was publicly informed that she had acquired a certain amount of mechanical knowledge, but had by no means proved the competency of women for medical activity. This is certainly a most ungracious way of dismissing a pupil who has distinguished herself above many of the male students, but it is roundly surpassed by Professor Bischoff, of Munich, in a recent address to a graduating class containing female students. The professor had evidently donned his scientific armor for the contest, and intended to give thrusts that would hurt. He maintained that women are not adapted for the culture of science, either anatomically, physiologically, or psychologically. And in the special science of medicine, to learn which it is an indispensable condition to handle the dead subject, he feels that woman is out of place. Though an old and hardened anatomist, he acknowledges an unconquerable aversion to seeing a young woman at the dissecting-table. He believes that women may make most skillful and useful scientific

nurses, but protests against their entering the ordinary arena of medicine, because, as he naively says, there are now enough incompetent men, without increasing the contingent from the feminine ranks. We quote his sentiments to show their narrowness, rather than to indorse them, because it is quite evident that the Munich Professor has no desire to find women adapted to the medical career. He sees the case just as he desires it may be, and rather begs his arguments instead of furnishing his proofs. We

allude to the matter and this special case, mainly to show that even in the establishments where female students are admitted, in deference to certain public opinion, they are not as welcome as they are generally supposed to be. So the "woman question" does not seem to be any nearer to its solution, from the consideration that a few are admitted to Zurich or Munich schools, to be ungraciously dismissed after the faithful and conscientious labors of a course of study.

Art Notes.

EDWARD HILDEBRANDT.

WITHIN a few years, Germany has lost by death two of her most gifted painters: Cornelius—who, with Overbeck, Koch, Schorn, Schadow, and others, laid the foundation of the new German school, which, by the study of the antique and a return to the style and spirit of the old masters, was to replace the pedantry and conventional rules of the academy—and Edward Hildebrandt, the most truly original master of landscape in Germany during this century.

To those who have gazed with unmingled delight on their original works, as well as to others who have been obliged to study them through engravings, the following sketch, arranged from the German, may be acceptable.

This celebrated artist was born September 9, 1818, in the old city of Dantzic, and was the son of a poor house-painter. The rural, romantic surroundings of this city, with its time-honored, beautiful buildings; above all, the North Sea, with its blue waves, made the first impressions on the youthful soul of the boy. It is not indifferent whether circumstances lead the paths of a child among the crowded houses of a great city or on some lonely island; whether his ears first hear the puff of a locomotive and the rumbling of cars, or the rustling of the dark forest oak; whether he sees the sun rising over the wavy cornfields, or over the tremulous plains of the unbounded sea, since, in his deep nature, the language that the world has spoken to the child will echo a whole lifetime, the picture that the young eye first beheld is stamped indelibly. Especially does the sea throw a stronger and more mysterious power over the dwellers on its shores. The children on the strand gather beautiful shells, the free gifts of the blue waves that come up splashing and babbling in soft ripples at their feet. They understand their language as they tell them they come hither from far-off lands, where the sun shines warmer, where bright flowers are blooming, where gay butterflies sport, and sweet fruits hang from towering palms. How satisfying this language to the active mind of the child! Soon the waves are receding, and the eye of the restless boy follows them over the wide sea where lie the wonderful lands.

How beautiful the sun shines when it sends out its rays over the swelling waves in the early morning light; or at evening, when it throws over the old gray houses of the noble city its warm shimmer! How splendid, then, must be the sea, the sun, and heavens, in the lands whence the waves bring the story!

Little Edward felt these silent influences, and very early wished to be a painter. As often as he saw the ships leave the harbor, he longed for the wonders of foreign lands. In the pressing struggle for daily bread, he was obliged to continue the trade of his father, with no hope of seeing his wishes realized. Yet the inner voice, the calls of genius, would not be silent, but called louder; and with the desires, awoke also the energy of the youth. He would be a painter at any cost. With bold determination, in his nineteenth year he left his father's house, to gain admittance to the Art Academy in Berlin. The great distance from Dantzic to Berlin must be made on foot; for where could the son of a poor house-painter get money for so long a journey? The sketches the young artist took along did not please the eye of Schadow, the Director of the Academy, and Hildebrandt's request for free admittance and tuition was not granted. This was a severe blow. But fortune did not thus leave him. The famous marine painter, Krause, by chance became acquainted with some of his drawings, and did much to bring forth the germ of his talents. He took the disappointed young man into his studio; and Hildebrandt felt quite at home among his master's pictures of his own dear sea.

So was he sheltered, and could now unite his whole energy with industry in study. Easily, safely, and quickly he accomplished his work—found admirers and purchasers, so that in three years he had sufficient means to take a journey for study to Scandinavia, England, and Switzerland. His genius, now, only wanted wings.

In the year 1843, Hildebrandt returned to Berlin, and there became acquainted with Alexander von Humboldt, and received, through his interposition, from the King of Prussia, the means for an extended journey to North and South America. At the close of this journey, he returned to the Prussian capital

with many rich specimens in water-colors, and finished many large pictures in oil, after these studies made in the land of the tropics. Many of these are in the possession of the Emperor of Germany. After a short stay in his native land, Hildebrandt renewed his travels. He had once tasted the wonderful splendors of the Southern world, and had a strong desire to return. He now made a more extended journey, perhaps, than any other painter has ever undertaken. In 1847, he visited England, Scotland, and the Canary Islands; then to Spain and Portugal, and back to Berlin. In 1851, in the employ of the King of Prussia, he went to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece. In 1853, he took another journey to South Germany, Switzerland, and Upper Italy. Again he brought a large number of original water-color paintings, which he copied, receiving great patronage and general admiration. Also, his great oil-paintings of this time were alike valued. His grand "Marine" and "Winter Scenes," in 1855, received the gold medal at the World's Exhibition at Paris, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1856, after studies in the extreme north of Scandinavia, Hildebrandt finished, at Berlin, his famous picture "North Cape," for which he received the great gold medal at Brussels and Amsterdam. But the thirsty soul of Hildebrandt was not yet satisfied. He had seen the icy North and the sunny South, but he longed to see and study the entire world. So, in 1862, he commenced his journey around the world, taking two years for its accomplishment. His richly filled folio bore three hundred sketches, taken in all inhabited lands. With his usual industry, he now commenced at his Berlin studio to bring out, in oils, some of his favorite sketches. They are, "Benares on the Ganges," "Sunset on the River Champhyna," "Under the Equator," "Evening at Ceylon," and "Sunlight."

Hildebrandt belonged to no art-school. A thoroughly original genius, he looked upon nature with his own peculiar spirit, and with his own characteristic treatment he reproduces her wonders. He was familiar with the mysteries of moonlight, as it fell dreamily on sacred streams; familiar with the foaming billows of the sea, in which the glowing tropic sun mingled its varied hues. His soul felt a thrilling sensitiveness, like that of the dark earth when the morning sun suddenly shines out over the silent world, or in red fire takes its farewell and sinks into the sea. He studied light and air in their most wonderful processes, and knew how to fasten them, with quick pencil strokes, on paper and canvas. He is not abashed in presence of the most mysterious plays of light. But while his whole being was addressed and intent on this one central object, his skillful pencil dashed all the more rapidly over the details of terrestrial nature, over the delicate blendings of vegetable life and the mere outlines of the extended landscape. In his works the light effects and the poetic conception exactly coincide. Whoever will deny this, and insist on calling mere *conceits* what was, nevertheless, a warm, passionate struggle of the innermost soul of this artist longing

for the truth to produce, through the poor, material means of hard pigments on canvas, the glory of the sunshine, the shimmer of the moonbeams, the glowing heat of the clouds, and the wavy azure that brightens these in fairy poetry and beauty,—whoever will deny these, has entirely misunderstood Hildebrandt, and has lost more through his concealed wisdom than the master through their free expression.

The richness and variety of Hildebrandt's works are truly astonishing. His great pictures were generally executed as recreations. The secret of these magnificent executions lay not so much in the boldness and rapidity of his work, as in a careful distribution of his time, which he, with great persistence and system, carried through his whole life. In the morning, as soon as the so-called "painter's light" broke, he sat, or stood, rather (he stood mostly while painting), at his easel; for he knew that with the beginning of visiting-time the swarm of art-friends would leave him but little time for quiet work. With most commendable patience, he received the visits of agreeable and disagreeable alike, without once betraying how painful to his soul, swelling with creative longings, was the loss of precious time. His studio was so simple that, according to the common acceptance of the term, it could hardly be thus dignified. It was a spacious, home-like living-room, in the most favorable light of which, was his easel, before which stood the artist, with a very modest supply of brushes and colors on his palette. Hildebrandt's manner of life was very simple. He was never married. Though he had a very keen appreciation and love of domestic life, he always said: "Whoever devotes his entire life to art can not be permitted to marry; art is his bride." After the severe labors of the morning, he took a frugal dinner, usually at Charlottenburg. Then followed, usually, a walk in the Zoölogical Garden, where he amused himself by feeding the animals from foreign countries, and thus seemed to recall the delightful hours he had spent in former years under their native skies. His evenings were usually passed in a circle of congenial friends, to whom his ready wit ever made him a coveted companion. He died on the evening of October 25, 1868,—a loss to art in Germany that has not yet been supplied.

BREVITIES.

—THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for June, gives some very interesting information of the dangers that threatened the magnificent art collections of M. Thiers during the reign of the French Commune, in 1871. The last words of the Communal decree were these: "Therefore the movable property of Thiers shall be seized by the Administration of Estates, and his house, situated in the Place Georges, shall be razed." This collection of antiquities was regarded by some as one of the most unique and valuable in Europe. One of the speakers, at the meeting to consider what disposition should be made of the collection, announced that the antique bronzes represented a value of one million five hundred thousand francs. It is honorable to some of the leaders of the terrible Commune that, while their hatred of

Thiers was intense, care was taken for the preservation of these rare and costly works; and the reason is at least a suggestive one: "They belong to the history of humanity, and we wish to preserve all that the intelligence of the past has created, for the purpose of affording instruction to the future." It is likewise very fortunate that M. Thiers himself, foreseeing the difficulties, had, at the very opening of the more serious disasters, carefully packed his choice collection of Florentine bronzes of the sixteenth century, together with many other works of *virtu*, and sent them to the cellars of the Institute for safe keeping. It is sad, however, to know that the good intentions of some of the Commune were thwarted by the burning of the Tuileries.

—Cowtan, in his "Memories of the British Museum," devotes some space to the notice of some gems of cartography found in the museum, that have thrown much additional light on the history of discovery. These maps, under the researches and comments of Mr. Major, seem to transfer the honor of the discovery of Australia from the Dutch to the Portuguese. At least the late King of Portugal, Don Pedro V, recognized this justice to early Portuguese enterprise by conferring upon Mr. Major the knighthood of the highest order known to Portugal; namely, "The Tower and Sword." By further investigations of these old maps and charts, it is rendered highly probable that the discovery of the Madeira and Azores Islands was made by the Portuguese nearly a century earlier than is usually stated. This would likewise transfer to the Portuguese honors that have hitherto been claimed by the English.

—The proposed decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has furnished an occasion for the revival of the old warfare between the advocates of mediæval and classical architecture. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* claims to discover in the division

on this subject the old controversy between the clerical order and the secularizing tendencies of the age. At least a large proportion of the lay element oppose the revival of a style of ecclesiastical art that originated in an age half pagan; while the clergy favor the Gothic, because it seems to them to symbolize more fully the high sacerdotal theory.

—Mr. Ruskin appears once more before the public in his own favorite department of art studies, in a work entitled "Aratra Pentelici." Parts of this work reveal much of the author's old artistic enthusiasm; but he has put forth some principles new to an aristocrat like himself. It is the advocacy of a hearty hand-shaking between the patrician and the plebeian in art. Hitherto there has existed a chasm between what are usually called the "fine arts" and the practical arts, or "trades." Ruskin would fill up this chasm by claiming that the carpenter, putting together the simplest parts of a structure, belongs to the guild of architectural artists equally with him who conceived the Cathedral of Milan. So has the worker in pottery a right to recognition as a sculptor, and the decorative painter as belonging to the circle of formative artists. However noble this may be in Mr. Ruskin, with his aristocratic notions, we imagine it will require much time and argument to gain for this view a general indorsement.

—We notice the recent accidental discovery at Rome, on the site of the Temple of Venus, near the Colosseum, of three fragments of most beautiful porphyry columns.

—Gustave Doré has just finished an enormous painting (30 feet by 20 feet), on "Christ leaving the Temple." It is the product of nearly four years' toil—containing about four hundred figures. After a brief exhibition in Paris, the artist proposes to send it to London for inspection and criticism.

Contemporary Literature.

THE age we live in is curious in many particulars—widely different from former ages. In nothing is it more different than in the way books are issued. Formerly, authors wrote out their entire works, the labor of years, sometimes of a life, and published them late in life, or left them for others to publish after they were dead. Now, books are issued in chapters, week by week, or month by month; and the reader keeps pace with the author, as if he stood by the easel of a master painter or in the studio of the sculptor, watching the outlines of the features and pose of the figure, day by day. Stories half completed are issued in volumes when chapters enough have been written to make up a volume. We have before us *Middlemarch*, one volume of a romance that is still in process of publication in *Harper's Weekly*, by George Eliot, *alias* Miss Marian Evans,

alias Mrs. George Henry Lewes. Like the former works of the fair authoress of "Adam Bede," this new work is written in powerful style, far greater power than usually pertains to female pens, and mingles, delightfully, acute analysis of character, philosophical essay, a sort of sarcastic humor, spirited dialogue, without sensational plot or startling adventures. Thus far it seems doubtful if the tale is to be blessed with hero or heroine. (Harper & Brothers, Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WE have never thought that the whole interest of a novel should be centered in its antenuptial love. If this is the master-passion of mankind, and, while as old as humanity, is to each generation always new, there are other passions or other phases of love which may well appear in the conduct of a novel.

Life has its epochs as well as history; and though the most interesting is that of early love, the most active, useful, and important is that which belongs to the wedded state. George Mac Donald, in his story of *The Vicar's Daughter*, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and on sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, has departed from the common line of story-telling, and gives us pictures of life in marriage. Ethelwyn Walton, *nee* Percivale, the vicar's daughter, is made to tell her own history. It is sparkling, vivacious, full of humor as well as of pathos, with quiet pictures of domestic life and well-wrought descriptions of neighborhood scenes and persons. There is a freshness of style and character in the composition which interests and charms the reader, and the quaintness of the story is not the least attractive point in it. The volume is neatly put up, and is sold at \$1.50.

"THE house I live in" has to every one a peculiar interest. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" it is; nor can we know too much about it. Its construction, uses, relations, and adaptation are fully taught in every system of medical science; but the interest belonging to *Human Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene* is not limited to the medical student. The pupils in our common schools, and the children in our families, should know something, at least, about their bodies, how to use them, and how to preserve them in health. A text-book on this subject, prepared by Joseph C. Martindale, M. D., and published by Eldridge & Brothers, Philadelphia, seems to us well-adapted to furnish the information required. It is written in good style, is fully illustrated by cuts, and contains many excellent hints on the subject of hygiene.

Who does not want to know something about the history of his country? It is not pride to love one's native land. No man can be a philanthropist without being a patriot; and true patriotism is founded upon an intelligent comprehension of what we are, what we have, and what we need. To assist in the making of patriots, the Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published *A Smaller School History of the United States*, by David B. Scott, with maps and engravings. Those who want a summary of our nation's history, and who have not time to read a larger book, will find this outline just what they require. It is sufficiently full, no important event being omitted, and gives an intelligent view of our beginning, progress, and condition. It is sold in Cincinnati by Robert Clarke & Co., who send it by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the price.

THE most perfect elocutionist is a little child, who neither knows nor cares for the rules of elocution. For, as we understand elocution, it is the adaptation of the style to the thought, and the word to its expression. No better teacher is needed than one's own child, if he has forgotten how to be himself. We believe old Dr. Beecher's direction to his students—"let natur' caper"—is more than all rules of art, all maxims of style or manner. Judah's appeal

to the Governor of Egypt for his brother Benjamin—as artless as it is eloquent—would probably be spoiled by the critics' laws; and yet there are some who require a text-book on elocution to know how to read it. The art of reading well is imperfectly learned at school, for our systems of instruction are usually artificial and forced. Any process by which the pupil will be kept at himself, be natural and easy, make himself master of the thought, and so of the expression, should be welcomed. Perhaps a new text-book on *The Science of Elocution*, by S. S. Hamill, of the Illinois Wesleyan University, and published by Nelson & Phillips, New York, will serve to accomplish the object. At any rate, Professor Hamill's treatment of the subject, and his exercises and selections, seem to us well fitted for this end.

To almost every one, however instructed in divine things, there comes a period of doubt and of inquiry. What has been taught is no longer taken on trust. The question arises, "Is this so?" but the doubt expressed by the interrogation is not necessarily that of disbelief. It is rather a searching out of the ground whereon one stands, the seeking for an external confirmation of the truth. Religion has its evidences, as well as mathematics. They are partly historical and partly experimental. To those who desire a brief but comprehensive argument on the truth of revelation, we commend *Outlines of Christian Evidences*, by Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D., and published by Nelson & Phillips, New York. This is a compact, clear, and admirably arranged treatise, comprehended in thirty-two pages duodecimo, and bound in limp covers. It is just the thing for Sunday-school teachers, students, and Bible-classes, and suggests both the internal and external proofs of Christianity. It is on sale by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.

If our younger readers desire to enrich their home collection of books, let them ask their parents to buy for them the *Loving Heart and Helping Hand Library*, containing five volumes, 16mo., in a box. It is published by Nelson & Phillips, New York, and Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, and contains a wholesome and pure literature.

Catalogues.—Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, New York, Joseph E. King, D. D., President; Faculty, 15; students, 420. Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., Ephraim E. Wiley, D. D., President; Faculty, 5; students, 183. Mechanicsville Academy, New York, Rev. Bernice D. Ames, A. M., President; Faculty, 7; students, 327. East Tennessee Wesleyan University, Athens, Tennessee, James A. Dean, A. M., President; Faculty, 6; students, 175. Kentucky Wesleyan University, Millersburg, Rev. B. Arbogast, A. M., President; Faculty, 5; students, 102. Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., Rev. Herbert F. Fisk, A. M., Principal; Faculty, 12; students, 540. Albion College, Michigan, George B. Jocelyn, D. D., President; Faculty, 9; students, 216.

Editor's Table.

OUR MAKE-UP.—We think our readers will be well pleased with the contents of this number. It has been our endeavor so to mingle the gay with the severe, though nothing is dull, as to supply food both for the thought and the imagination. "Our Foreign Department" is furnished by Professor Wm. Wells, and the "Art Notes," this month, is sent us by Professor C. W. Bennett—both of which are full of lively and suggestive sketches. We shall try to make the REPOSITORY not only readable, but instructive; to adapt its contents to the wants of the father as well as the mother, the son as well as the daughter; in a word, to make it a *family* magazine. What else does its name imply?

THE ENGRAVINGS.—While we write, the thermometer is among the nineties. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, or if it does enter our window it is like a furnace-blast; the sun shines out in his fierceness; the earth beneath is iron, and the heaven overhead is brass; the leaves on the trees are shriveled with the heat; we look for a "Summer cloud," but there is none; and the day drags wearily through. But our imagination transports us to the wild-wood as we look at our engraving. We seem to sit on some moss-covered rock, beside the clear running water, and beneath the umbrageous elms; the cloud hides from us the burning sky; and dust and heat and work are forgot while we repose in this pictured scene. Doubly are our thanks due to the artist, William Hart, who so kindly loaned us this painting for the use of the engraver—first, for ourselves, that we have forgotten the heat in looking upon it; and, secondly, for our readers, that they have so lovely a piece of work to lay upon their center-tables. And just now we are reminded of other "Happy Times." There is more truth than poetry, and enough, too, of poetry, in the song, "There's no place like home." See the matron smiling on her youngest child, and the little daughter rejoicing that it is a real baby. What scene in the world can surpass it? Domestic love has had a true hierophant in the painter who put this picture upon his canvas. He who loves children and takes pleasure in their pleasures, can never grow old or become totally lost to virtue.

WRITING FOR A LIVING.—A Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has some good thoughts on this topic, which we are pleased to see going the rounds of the papers. He says it is reported that the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* have offered Bret Harte twelve thousand dollars for twelve articles—a thousand dollars a paper for the year to come. He does not believe it, nor does any body else who knows what is paid to contributors to magazines. To first-class writers, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes, two hundred and fifty dollars an article may be paid,

and even one hundred dollars is considered first-class pay. Now, three articles a year is all a first-class writer can hope to get into any one magazine, and these will not average more than eighty dollars, or two hundred and forty dollars paid by one magazine to one contributor per year, and that contributor a first-class writer. Now, there are but eight or ten monthlies in the country into which a popular writer might manage to get twelve to fifteen articles a year, and realize, at eighty dollars an article, some twelve hundred dollars a year from his pen! If this be the case with the first writers in the country, what becomes of all the scribbling small-fry that are trying to make a living with their pens? Write, gentle ladies, one and all; but let it be under some other inspiration than that of hoping thereby to furnish your wardrobes or make your bread. If you have a competency, writing may furnish solace for hours of leisure, or fill up soul-aspirations for doing good; but if you have to work for a living, wash, bake, brew, and sew, tailor it, milliner it, clerk it, or any thing it, except literary hack it; and let your occasional writing be knitting work to the solidier, surer, and regularly paying avocation. Pen-money may suffice for pin-money; but it will not do to trust it for the staples of existence. Nothing chills genuine inspiration like cash and routine. Mark Twain, the greatest humorist of the day, tried to be funny by the month, to spin jokes by the yard, to re-vamp old witticisms and invent new ones, in the *Galaxy*, at so much a page, and made a desperate failure of it. Fancy is confounded by the clatter of cog-wheels, and highest human invention can not be harnessed in mill-horse traces and urged to a mill-horse round, without becoming as stupid as the mill-horse himself, the chiefest emblem of stupidity and dullness.

THE GOLDEN AGE, Theodore Tilton, alluding to the removal of Gilbert Haven from the *Zion's Herald* editorship, says, "The salt and pepper-box is gone from the Methodist table." Salt will put life into the legs of the most sluggish mollusk, and pepper, such as our ruddy-haired bishop used to project into the eyes of the heterodox and bad, make them see whole constellations where they only dimly discerned the glimmer of stars of the eighth magnitude before. The seasoning, under Dr. Pierce, may not be so high, but we fancy the "meat and marrow" will be much the same.

THANKS to Dr. De Puy for a copy of his elegant volume, "Three-score Years and Beyond," which has already been appropriately noticed by our predecessor. It is rich and full, as its title indicates, of the "experiences of the aged." Complete as it is, it leaves still a large and ungleamed field—the work done by the great and good beyond three-score. Soc-

rates taught and lectured to the hour of his death, on the verge of seventy; Plato was engaged in polishing his dialogues at eighty, and, according to Cicero, in his "Old Age," was actually engaged in writing at the moment of his death, at eighty-two. Michael Angelo painted his "Last Judgment" after he was sixty, and erected the wonderful dome of St. Peter's between seventy and ninety. Thiers, Kaiser William, Von Moltke, and Commodore Vanderbilt are living instances of work in the region of the eighties.

FLEDGLINGS.—Birdlings try their wings preparatory to flight. Beautiful to behold are their balancings on the edge of the nest, their first fluttering excursions, the joy of parents, and the supporting wings extended to break falls and steady uncertain flight. So beginners in literature are always interesting objects; and so it will interest the entire adult quill-driving fraternity to read, over our shoulder, from one young correspondent, "This is the first time I have summoned up courage to write to you;" and from another: "Inclosed you will find my first effort in the literary line; accept it if you see fit; if not, throw it away. Accepted or rejected, I shall try again; there is plenty of room for improvement, and I mean to make the best of youth and advantages." Do not know what you girls call it, but we boys would say "plucky," to determination like this!

AMONG the thirty kings who sit on thirty "thrones," as presbyters in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is one "David," not he of old, but a superannuate of the Erie Conference, who takes for his text, "Help those women," and writes a little essay out of the midst of paralysis, encouraging us in our work. Thanks, brother King, on our own behalf and on behalf of the "elect ladies" whom it is the object of your kindly missive to cheer and encourage.

In our editorial capacity we get all sorts of suggestions; among others, a brother recommends a department of "religious experience;" and that the editor commence by telling his. If we should tell all ours at once, there would be room for never another. Experience is a thing of a life-time, a perpetually, movement unceasing, current ever flowing. Autobiography in language is impossible. Life is as untranscribable as a dream! A point here and there may be photographed, as the photographers take pictures in broad sunlight by instantaneous exposure of a collodion-plate; but these snatches of life, however vivid, are the image of death itself compared with the reality. It is not in broad sunlight that artists seek pictures. It is only transition periods that impress—sunrise and sunset. The roseate hues of the one and the golden tints of the other, about these we can talk. Like the coming of the morning, brightness in the lap of darkness, darkness paling into light, light breaking into day, day flooding into sunlight, sunlight robing the mountain, spangling the dewy meadows, bathing the heavens in azure, and showering diamonds upon the seas, this coming of the "Sun of Righteousness with healing in his

beams," this eighteen-years-old soul transition from darkness to day, was an experience never to be rehearsed—never to be forgotten! Since then the eternal mandate of the Master, "Work while it is day," has left us little time for empty reverie and profitless dreaming over mental states. From sunrise till now, we have "walked in the light" along the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Clouds there have been, tempests and transient eclipse, but the God-light has always glimmered about us, showing us, when benighted most deeply, where to plant the next footfall. Modest testimony is useful, but the heart's deepest experiences can not be told in words. Hence, when a brother of loud profession and shallow life bluntly asked a Presbyterian, whose life was irreproachable though his lips were silent, "Have you got religion?" there was meaning in the reply, "*I have none to speak of!*"

LECTURERS.—The *Independent* gives a list of ninety lecturers and readers who will take the field this Winter. These are only the "stars," the van-guard, the leaders of the rostrum, behind whom are a host of modest followers, an army of lesser lights, who humbly bring up the rear.

JESUITS.—Bismarck has expelled from Germany this godless, scheming, unprincipled, politico-religious society, which, according to a distinguished Roman authority, "lacks all human sympathy and all respect for human rights and progress." Like every thing of the serpent species, Jesuitism is hard to kill. It has been expelled from almost every government in Europe in turn, and even been under the ban of the Papacy itself; and yet it lives, and hopes one day to wreath it in its slimy folds, and choke the life out of our republican institutions.

PROTESTANT.—The Pope has turned Protestant. He is at present the greatest Protestant in the world. He used to dictate. All he does now is to protest against Italian unity, liberty, free schools, free speech, a free press, free thought, railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, and all the civil and religious paraphernalia of this grand nineteenth century.

CLUBS.—The publishers are continually appealed to, to know the terms on which the Repository is sent to clubs. The answer to all such is, that we have no "club rates." The preachers are our sole agents. Persons wishing to get up clubs should consult the nearest Methodist preacher. He is the man to get up a club, and if he will not circulate the REPOSITORY himself, to see that some body else is charged with the duty or allowed the privilege. Some superannuate who wants the percentage, some student who wants to pay his way, some efficient lady who needs employment and pecuniary assistance,—these make capital sub-agents. Metropolitan preachers, you who do not want the trouble of circulating periodicals personally, will you help the work by putting the agency into the hands of some young man or woman who is willing to work, and who needs the pay?

It seems to be utterly impossible for a Romish organ to use either temperance, candor, decency, or common sense in speaking of any thing Protestant. Vituperation is as natural a weapon to an Irish editor as the shillalah. In the writings of the entire Roman craft, from the encyclicals of the Pope to the screechings of the penny-a-liner, we are perpetually reminded of Bunyan's picture of the giant, forbidden by age and palsy to torture and burn, obliged to content himself with making horrible grimaces at passers-by. So, powerless, sits Pius IX in the Vatican, grimacing at the nineteenth century; and as the god grimaces, so grimace the worshippers. The editor of the *Catholic (?) Reflector*, the organ of Bishop Conroy, of Albany, New York, rages and raves, and paws the ground like a bull maddened by the red flag of a matadore in the arena, at only a distant view, through the eyes of some fancy reporter, of the Round Lake Camp-meeting. The excesses of a few overzealous enthusiasts, if any such existed anywhere but in the imaginations of the reporter, he takes for the type of the entire Methodist ministry and Church; and pens a column and a half of scurrility, redolent with the stramonium-odor of billingsgate and filthy innuendo. "Methodists on the blast" are "crazy," "fanatical," "stultified," "self-glorified," "irreligious," "ranters without method except hypocrisy"—the *Reflector's* proof-reader is death on Webster—"and lunacy."

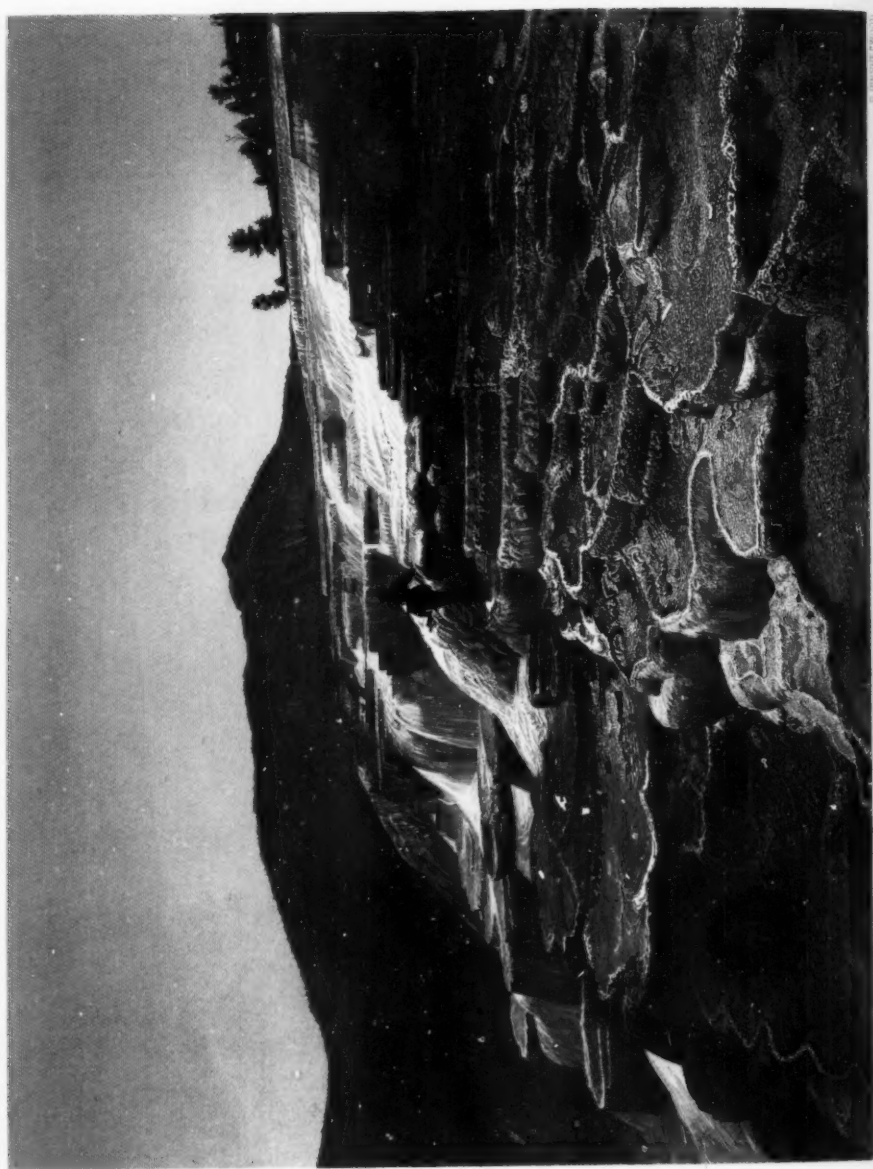
Dr. Butler, with his representations of the great reform going on in Mexico, a country shut up to the exclusive sway of Rome for three hundred years, and found, when opened, to be the most degraded and demoralized on the footstool, under priestly rule—a nation grown up to concubinage and illegitimacy under a system that, in these days and in this country, makes special vaunt of marriage as a sacrament, because of the exorbitant exactions of covetous priests,—was the chief object of the editor's wrathful ire. Dr. Butler spoke of the conversion of some priest. "No such conversion ever takes place," says our editor, "until the poor dupe becomes infatuated with the impurity and licentiousness of Methodism, like all the Protestant reformers, from Martin Luther down." "Ridicule," says this Momus, "is the only fit thing for these 'crazy,' 'fanatical,' 'pulpit bums,' 'Peter Funks,' 'evangelical blatherskites.'" Choice literature this for the entertainment of his right reverence Conroy, and the learned professors of the Provincial Theological Seminary in their Mount Ida "retreats." This coarse tirade, for noticing which we owe apology to our readers, closes with an assertion which we may as well credit, as it comes from a responsible quarter. The editor of the *Reflector* says: "Irishmen and Catholics are doing more to rid the world of whisky than all the Methodists since or before the days of John Wesley." Probably they are, but we fancy it is by pouring it down their own throats.

ONE of "the Methodist" exchanges takes our use of the word "throne" for a text, and preaches its readers a homily of a column and a half on the terri-

ble evils of the episcopacy. His article has a sort of relevancy to other forms of episcopacy, but very little, if any, to the Methodist system of general superintendency. We make no claim whatever to the so-called "apostolical succession," a fiction as patent as "Pope Joan" or the decretals of Isidore. We are not strenuous for "consecration," or for a life-incumbency. Our views and practice are both sufficiently moderate, but nothing will suit anti-episcopals but the utter and entire abolition of the name, office, and order. The incipient "community-of-goods" theory must be carried into the domain of brains and tact and talent. We must abandon the centralized system and become independents, notwithstanding our conviction that independency is a system of disintegration and destruction—a rope of sand, with no power of adhesion, aggression, or propagation, no common mitrailleuse-force to give its corpuscles momentum in a given direction. Equality is a beautiful thing in theory, but it is little practiced in this bad world. In every Church, somebody must rule. Who shall it be? Shall it be minister or deacon, man of brains, man of tact, man of cash? In the Congregational system, the minister is either a tyrant or a tool. He must dictate like the first Napoleon, or manage wily like Richelieu—must be the supple servant of persons and parties, or tread persons and parties under foot like the Chiselhurst exile, the third Bonaparte.

But it is the episcopal power of which our friends are afraid. It is singular that men can not discriminate between the use of power and its abuse. With many there is no remedy for abuse but disuse, total abstinence from things useful lest they become hurtful. Power is God and man's great agent in the world's physical, civil, and religious advancement. Fear of power, because of the possible destructiveness of power misdirected, is like a childish dread of glycerine, gunpowder, steam, electricity, or any agent of momentum. Such fear should make us prefer stage-coaches because trains collide and cars run off the track; and slow sailing-vessels because steam-boilers burst. In trusting power to human hands, something must be risked. Power enough to govern with is always power enough to do harm with. In moral and religious reforms, as in physics, the great problem of the hour is, how to bring to bear the greatest power. Moral machines are as necessary as material, and not only machines, but engines of limitless power. Society is such an engine. The Church should be. The rude and scattered and ineffective weapons of individualism should blend in the hands of the inventor into a grand mechanism, to be guided by a single will. Make your boilers strong, arrange your scape-valves, get competent engineers, take the right direction, and then let on all steam, high pressure, and let her drive! Now and then a careless brakeman, or a willful passenger, or a heedless traveler on the track, will lose his life; but these accidents will be as the drop in the bucket before the vast power and speed with which the Church will drive along the pathway of human interest and destiny.

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F. HENSHAW

HOT SPRINGS ON CARDINER'S RIVER.

UPPER PART OF THE CANYON.

THE CANYON OF THE CARDINER'S RIVER.

THE CANYON OF THE CARDINER'S RIVER.

HOT SPRINGS ON GARDINERS RIVER.

UPPER MOUNTAIN

GEORGE W. KILPATRICK, PHOTOGRAPHER, 111 N. 1ST ST., SPOKANE, IDAHO.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS

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